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LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

THE OLD AND THE YOUNG BACHELOR; OR FIRST LOVE AND LAST LOVE.

By Thomas H. Shreve.

Rad. He was successful, and you are no longer a child.
Lad. Yes. Woman is a creature of the world, and the world is a place of deceit. Harkee, Radcliffe! the next time I woo a moth, I'll fill a glass upon her eye-sight. I'll discourse largely of the length and breadth of my possessions, and talk but slightly of my heart's purity and devotion. I promise thee, she's mine. What say'st thou?
—Old Play.

The stage was to start at two o'clock, and it was now nearly one. All was hurry, bustle and confusion. Every thing was to be done, and there was no time to do it in. Some indispensable business must be attended to. Some messages, explanatory of my departure, must, of course, be despatched to Miss E—and Mrs. R—with whom I have made a positive engagement—not of the heart, but of mere gallantry—to be attended to at eight that evening. My valise was to fill—my toilet to make—the injunctions of this, that, and the other members of the family to attend to—and, but one hour and ten minutes left.

A letter had just been received by the morning's mail, conveying the sad intelligence, that a bachelor uncle of mine was lying very ill in B—. My uncle had spent several weeks a few years before at our house, and had manifested more partiality for me than was thought he had ever shown to any other individual in the whole period of his life. He was more than two score years of age, and had not considered it proper to surrender his heart to any one of the spinsters of his acquaintance. It had been said, that shortly after having attained his majority, he had made a tender of his hand to a roving black-eyed girl, who knew more of the secret workings of the hearts of the gallants in the neighborhood, than any ten others. But this report, like most others that have relation to the affections of unmarried gentlemen, was, I believe, for he told me so, utterly gratuitous and calumnious. Well, as I have already said, my uncle was ill, I was his favorite, and as I would have no other opportunity for evincing my love towards him, I had made up my mind to start off as soon as possible after the reception of his letter. My uncle was wealthy; he might want an executor, or—an heir! Of course, this last consideration had but little to do in determining my visit, which was undertaken through sheer affection!

Onward the stage wheeled rapidly; and in just twenty-six hours the steeple of the village church broke upon our view. In a few minutes we reached the top of a hill, and the principal street in the village of B— lay before us. Merrily sounded the notes of the stageman's horn—onward leapt the horses—and so rapid was our motion, that we had barely time to glance at the neat houses and beautiful shrubbery that bordered on the roadside. At length the motion of the vehicle subsided, and we alighted beneath a huge golden swan that glittered gloriously in the gleaming sunbeams above us.

I entered the barroom and hastily inquired where I might find my uncle. I was directed to the boarding house of Mrs. Smith, a widow lady, where I was told I could see him.

In a few moments I was ascending the steps at the door of the house whither I had been referred. I had just grasped the knocker of the open door, when a couple of ladies entered the hall from the parlor. I made a bow, and inquired if Mrs. Smith lived there. The elder of the two ladies, with a courtesy and a smile, which sent a reflection to my heart, replied affirmatively, and added that she was the owner of the name I had pronounced.

My mind was instantaneously and most singularly bewildered. I was just twenty-one, romantic in my notions of the sex, and in the presence of two beautiful ladies. Judge then, if under such circumstances, I could have felt any other sensation than that of embarrassment. I cast furtive glances at both of the beautiful objects before me, and suddenly thinking of my afflicted uncle, I once more found utterance, and hastily inquired, "Does my uncle board here?"

The ladies exchanged glances. The younger of the two looked exceedingly mischievously at me. I could not conceive why I was not answered immediately. I know I must have turned red in my cheeks, for it seemed as if all the blood had deserted my heart and rushed to my head.

Another benignant smile, and the lovely young widow said, "The name of your uncle, sir, would assist me in answering your question."

I was confounded. I had perpetrated a sad blunder, by supposing that they who had never seen me, should know who had the honor of claiming me as a nephew. I soon recovered myself, and stammered out,

"My uncle—why, positively, I must be the prince of blunders, not to have given you his name. But"—and here the assurance that was born with me, and which had never before forsaken me, came to my relief, and I added—"but, you are aware, I had the very best reason in the world for being deprived of my senses. My uncle's name is Howard."

"Yes—Mr. Howard is an inmate of this house," said the widow, in a voice soft and melancholy as the dying sound of a flute, and with a dejected countenance, "your uncle, sir, is very ill."

"So I have understood. Can I see him?"

"Presently, sir, the doctor is with him now, and Mr. Howard has some peculiarities—he does not permit any listeners to his conversations with the doctor. He will soon take his departure;

in the meantime, walk in and be seated." "I thank you," said I, as I pressed forward.

The younger and the most beautiful of the two ladies, now swung a green calash, which she had held dangling by the strings, to the back of her head, and uttered, "good evening, Mrs. Smith."

I entered the room and took a chair. I must confess that this unexpected meeting with two lovely ladies had somewhat disconcerted my thoughts, and unfitted me to play the part of a sympathizing nephew at the bed of sickness. Time was necessary to enable me to regain a sufficient composure, and I was heartily glad that my uncle had "some peculiarities."

I discoursed with the widow about my uncle, my journey, and the weather for fifteen minutes. At the expiration of that period, the sound of the doctor's steps was heard on the stairs; and I prepared myself for being ushered into the presence of my beloved, peculiar, and wealthy uncle.

As I ascended the stairs, a multiplicity of thoughts passed rapidly over my mind. I thought of my uncle's previous affection for me, how I could alleviate his affliction, how I should adapt myself to his peculiarities, and lastly, and very strangely, I had some singular thoughts as to the probable items of his will. I thought of the exceeding crabbedness, which was very generally and generously attributed to old bachelors when laboring under the effect of disease. I concluded to humor every whim, to help him as much as I could, for thereby, if he got well, I should be rewarded by his thanks, and—horrible thought—if he died, I would stand an excellent chance of being mentioned in his will. It was quite obvious to me that I had a difficult part to perform, and, notwithstanding my ingenuity, it would require all my tact to conduct myself properly. Under the influence of thoughts like these, I entered the sick man's apartment.

I think I must have played my part very well; at least, I never heard of any thing to the contrary. My uncle was very sick, he told me that he had been alarmingly ill; but, much to my joy, he added, that his physician had just informed him that he was entirely safe, and out of danger. I listened to a doleful account of his calamities, with a face as long as a Pharisee's, and, as any person would have said, indicative of real sorrow. It was very singular—and I record it for the gratification of the lovers of the marvelous—that even as I looked on the pale and emaciated countenance of the sick man, the apparition of that beautiful creature, who glided so bewitchingly by me in the hall, was momentarily flitting before my mind's eye. This mental hallucination continued with me all the remainder of the day. Had I been a whit more superstitious than I was, I would most assuredly have ascribed to her the power of exercising those preternatural influences for the possession of which uglier persons than she had been led to the scaffold.

The sun was just sinking to rest behind a hill that skirted at a far distance the western horizon, as I sat at the window in a musing mood. My uncle was dozing, and occasionally heaving forth upon the solemn stillness of the apartment a faint and almost inaudible groan. I need scarcely add, that every sound found an echo in my bosom. Before me was a beautiful prospect. The country was very level, and stretching far away, the plain was diversified with waving fields, wood-land, and farm-houses. No sound could be heard, save the far-off tingling of the cow bell, the evening songs of the birds and the occasional footsteps of the villagers as they passed beneath the window. The village of B— was confined almost exclusively to ranges of houses on either side of the road. Every thing wore the appearance of neatness. And I began to institute comparisons between the advantages of a village and city life.

I had not arrived at any conclusion from my comparisons, when a circumstance occurred that gave another turn to the train of my thoughts. Immediately opposite to the window at which I sat, there was a very neat and pretty white frame house, with green Venetian shutters. It was situated a few paces back from the footway, and in front was a tastefully arranged yard, plentifully supplied with shrubbery and flowers. Honey-suckles and sweet-briars clambered about the windows, flinging fragrance and shade, while, here and there, a rosebush and other more modest plants, glowing with flowers of every hue, filled up the remaining space. It was the appearance of neatness and beauty of this situation, that had caused me to institute the comparisons above referred to. I was growing exceedingly poetical—I thought of the "sweet vale of Avoca," "The breezy glade," "If there's peace to be found," "Not rural sounds alone," "Here could I live unnoticed and unknown," &c. &c. &c. It was while I was submerged beneath this sheenny flood of inspiration, that I was suddenly recalled to reality, by the appearance of a creature, who, in the ecstasies of the moment, I supposed to be Erato, or some other of the nine, at the door of the adjacent house before me.

This was no apparition, as I soon discovered. She was no poetical creation, however worthy she might have been of the idolatry of a follower of Petrarch. She stepped lightly on the green grassy sward, and plucked a rose from its parent stem. She then proceeded to confer like honor on the other shrubbery of the yard.

—Like Proserpine gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower."

Having finished culling flowers, she seated herself on the door-sill, and commenced arranging them into a bouquet. I

watched every action; and as she turned the posy round to inspect its arrangement, I caught a full gleam of brightness from her dark eye. An electric thrill pervaded every nerve; and I began to understand the nature of that influence, beneath which Caesar and Anthony bowed their laurel-shaded brows—the effect of female fascinations. Once more my eyes met hers, and again my heart smote within me. It was true—my suspicions were realized—and she was none other than that fair one, who had exerted so strange and ill-defined an influence over my mind, as I listened to the lugubrious tones of my uncle. I would have bartered away all my earthly expectations for an introduction. I contrived some romantic schemes, whereby I might bring about an acquaintance. I was about inquiring of my uncle for some particulars touching her condition. Then I thought of his aversion to the sex, which I often heard of; and I concluded it would manifest too much indifference towards him, if I showed symptoms of extemporaneous love for her. It was my interest to give him to understand that my mind was entirely occupied with the thoughts of his illness, inasmuch as he might possibly have necessity for framing a will, and then, in case of the occurrence of such mournful necessity, I would stand a better chance of being munificently mentioned in the said instrument. Between the conflicting desires of winning the regard of my uncle and the acquaintance of my charmer, I was rendered very restless. I got up and then re-seated myself, half a dozen times. I approached the couch of my venerated relative, and, bending over him, I discovered that he had sunk into a sound slumber. I concluded to leave him for a few moments. I took my hat and descended. I proceeded down the street, intending to return by the dwelling of her, who now gave vitality to the impulses of my nature, for the purpose of getting a nearer view of her dark eyes, to whose wild charm I felt myself a victim.

About fifteen minutes had transpired, when I was slowly approaching her residence. My heart fluttered like a cage bird. I made up my mind, that, if I should be so happy as to catch her eye, I would throw myself upon what I considered my privilege, and speak to her. At length I arrived nearly opposite to her dwelling. I put my features in their best possible order. I am not particularly vain, but was fully aware of all the advantages that nature in her benevolence had given me. Besides, I was confident in my own ability to manage affairs with tolerable cleverness, and felt assured that she possessed the requisite amount of romance to second my efforts. Well, I reached the place of her abode; with a smile on my lips, I turned my head towards her, or rather towards the place where I had last seen her. Surely, I must have been born under the influence of some malign planet, for the lady—the object of my desires—the soul of my wishes—was—not there!

I turned in sorrow away. Disappointment weighed heavily on my heart. What slaves we are of feeling! One moment before, and the wide world seemed the only fitting arena for my pride, now, I felt like slinking into some remote corner, where I might hide my disappointment.

When I re-entered my uncle's apartment, I found that he had been aroused in my absence. He was seated in the middle of the room, rocking himself slowly to and fro. My recent disappointment had given an expression of deep concern and solemnity to my countenance, and I approached his side without the slightest levity. But my features were destined to change their hue, and solemnity gave way to surprise. The pallid right hand of my uncle grasped with easy gripe a beautiful bunch of flowers, which, 'ever and anon, he gave his nose.' I looked at it admiringly and inquisitively. A large and fully-opened rose was in the centre, and was surrounded by a host of smaller flowers. I could not but remark that it bore a striking resemblance to the bouquet I had so lately admired in the fair hand of the beautiful girl opposite. I was soon merged in the midst of some very profound speculations as to the identity of the flowers, and the means by which my relative became possessed of them. I was sadly puzzled. The conjecture that found most favor with me was, that it had been presented to the young widow, who, attentive to her interest, had bestowed it on him.

In the midst of my wonderment, my uncle made some observation which escaped my ear. I started from my reverie, and could only articulate an inquisitive "Sir?"

"Was your stroll a pleasant one?" he repeated, in more elevated tone.

"It was," I replied, and added, "I am exceedingly pleased with the general appearance of neatness and beauty that pervades the village."

"Quite a tolerable place for a lover of simplicity, although it offers but few inducements to a devotee of Pletus," said my uncle, as he bobbed the envied rose against the attenuated prominent member of his face.

"Or a votary of Hymen," I added, with a tone of inquisitiveness.

"Pooh! pooh! foolishness," he returned, shrugging up his shoulders. "A few years will banish all those nonsensical fancies that beguile you from the realities of existence."

"Thank fortune! he is invincible yet, thought I, and I will stand an excellent chance of being mentioned in the old gentleman's last will and testament. And now for interest."

"I have always considered independence connected with wisdom in a man," said I with peculiar gravity. "He who takes care of his own fortunes has something like certainty on which

to base his prospects of the future. Whereas, he who is dependent on others, is continually liable to obligations, that he may find extremely difficult to discharge. An unmarried man, if he is not a fool, and unmarried men seldom are fools, is the most independent of all creatures. But a married man must, from the very nature of the conjugal tie, be a slave to the caprices of others. What moment of his life, can he inhale the breath of freedom? There is a chain about him that fetters his actions. All the connections of friendship must be severed, all external considerations must be sacrificed, all the brilliant attachments of the world must be surrendered, in fine, every thing that does not tend to enhance the homely comfort of the fire-side, and add to the enjoyments of his wife, must be given up, or domestic felicity—that nonentity that visits the visionary but defies human attainment—must go to—go to the dogs!

"Excellent philosophy," said my uncle; "stick to it, my boy—let your conduct be a particular commentary on your texts, and you will most assuredly attain to the reputation which wisdom gets back to men again."

I was confounded at his coldness. I thought he at least would have patted my shoulder in signification of the delight which my sentiment would have won from him, but I was disappointed. To add to the sum total of my difficulties, he replied to my labored argument in favor of celibacy, with a tone which bore a strong and disagreeable affinity to sarcasm. Moreover, I was still in doubt as to the manner in which he obtained the flower. With my mind in this very uneasy condition, I wiled away another hour, and then retired.

I arose next morning with my mind made up, I had fully resolved on obtaining some personal knowledge of the lady who exerted so magical an influence over me. I had very frequently from the period of my earliest recollections felt the effects of female fascination. But never before was there any mystery connected with my passion. I could always tell when and how I had gotten love. But now I was the subject of a passion which was inscrutable. There was a chain upon my heart; but how it got there was past finding out.

During the day, which seemed like one of those that visit the high northern latitudes from its exceeding length, I ministered to the necessities of my uncle; not forgetting to glance very frequently at the premises of my charmer opposite. Several times I caught glimpses of her person, as she flitted by the windows, engaged, as I supposed, in some domestic avocation. Each glance only served to feed the fire within my bosom, and to heighten my curiosity. I made several attempts to introduce her as a subject of conversation with my uncle, but he appeared to me to be scrupulously opposed to the expression of a single syllable in regard to her. How provoking! This insensible fellow, thought I, has no knowledge of those mysterious sympathies that awaken interest between the sexes. To him, love, the refiner of our hearts, is an unfelt flame, the fountain of affection, an untasted stream, and he, pardon my irreverence, for I mean to be candid, is a brute!

At sunset, the lady of my heart made her appearance at the door. I gazed on her with a heart full of undefined emotions, and a mind replete with poetical fancies. As I dealt exclusively with facts and have nothing to do with fiction, I will not detail any of my visions of bliss. Ye Graces! how my heart leaped, when I saw her pass the gate and cross the street! Now then for an interview—courage be mine—and if I don't make a *fatal* impression, then may woe seize on me.

I glanced in the mirror, and feeling perfectly satisfied with my exterior passed out of the room. I stopped a moment at the head of the stairs, to determine one or two doubts that were passing in my mind as to propriety, &c. Love conquered, and down I went. A wild laugh full of genuine glee burst on my ear as I reached the bottom of the steps. Onward I went, and inward I bolted. The young widow and the young beauty were alone. "Miss Worthington" was all I heard of the introduction. I will be the cause of the abridgement of that name, or my name is not shorter, was my first thought.

I suppose an hour, although it seemed to me but five minutes, must have passed, when Louisa Worthington arose to depart. I had neglected my hat, which was up in my uncle's room. In two steps I had reached the top of the stairs; with three more I had stumbled over a chair that stood in the middle of the room, making a tremendous noise.

"What the — is the matter? Is there fire? Is the house on fire?" bellowed my uncle, as he started from his slumber.

I silenced his fears—got my hat—and was down stairs in a moment. The ladies were laughing heartily—for they had heard me fall. I explained every thing, and Louisa and myself departed.

As her hand reclined gracefully over my arm, I felt immoderately. The contact between my skin and the chair, had proven the superior hardness of the latter, and caused me to limp. This was the only disagreeable feeling that I experienced. Of course, I could not refuse her invitation to enter. I thought she talked more prettily than any other lady I had ever listened to. There was an easy, unaffected and natural music in the tones of her voice, which found a very natural passage to my heart.

Regard my situation, and judge of my happiness! An hour had passed, and Louisa was sitting at her piano. I imbibed a full measure of the spirit of harmony that pervaded the apartment. Never did syren, or seraph, or woman sing so sweetly. I was entranced—that is, I was very much in love.

A village belle for me, said I to myself, as I bade her good night. Of there is something so perfectly natural, so entirely winning, so utterly artless and unaffected about them, that nothing like humanity can resist them. Your city manners, continued I, have a more exquisite polish, there is more assumed dignity about them, but then they either partake of constraint or artifice. City beauties restrain the impulses of their nature—there is coldness in their smiles—stiffness in their steps—and an indescribable something about them that seems to say, keep your distance. But a village beauty runs about—and laughs loudly—says just what she thinks, and thinks just what she pleases—and all without any design on the hearts of gentle-

man. Really, I am enamored of the condition—a village lass for a sensible lover shall be my motto. And, wrapping my mind in a cover of thoughts like these, I went to sleep, and dreamed of nothing but nymphs and grottoes until the sun streamed in at the eastern windows.

If the reader has much penetration—and my readers no doubt have—it will be very unnecessary for me to inform him that I was in a very comfortable condition, or, what is much the same thing, I was up to the ears in love. And this, too, was my first love. I mean, it was the first time I had serious thoughts of matrimony, &c., for I was in love with the daughter of my aunt's washerwoman at ten years of age, and had worshipped at some other shrine at every succeeding month since. As in every other sort of business, so in the affairs of the heart, it is necessary that we should have experience, in order that we may be able to manage things with propriety. First love is generally a very foolish business. We don't understand it, and it renders us superlatively ridiculous. It is wonderful how it endures when we are old. It makes fools of us all once, and sends us on our way with a universal feeling, to find universal sympathy in order to extenuate my folly; for I have a strong suspicion that I acted very foolishly, as the sequel of this veritable story will fully confirm.

It is amazing how sociable love makes us. The stoic feels it, forgets his disinclination towards his species, and forthwith deviates into sociability. It was thus with me. I was no sooner out of Miss Worthington's presence, than I felt restless to get back again. The eye of a lover is never satisfied. Byron has a foolish line about a lover's eye fainting into dimness with its own delight. Depend upon it, this is mere poetry. A man's eye may grow dim from looking at the sun, but never from gazing at the beauty of his mistress. To me it seems, that my eyes borrowed some of the lustre of Louisa's, my perceptions of the lovely were so clarified. The consequence of all this was, that I found myself very frequently exactly where I wished to be—in Louisa's presence.

My uncle's health increased. He was able to walk out during the day; but he shunned the night air, as though it had been loaded with pestilential vapors. This suited me to a scruple; for I could visit Louisa without being scourged by his suspicions. In her presence I forgot all care. I listened with enthusiastic delight to the soft silver tones of her voice, while every sound awakened a joyous response within the recesses of my heart.

One of the follies of youthful love is, it causes us to exact too much tribute from the sympathies. We think because we are in love, the object that we love must necessarily be similarly affected. Hence our confidence in our success. We construe every kind look into an indication, and every gentle word into an assurance. At least, this was my case. My passion reached its climax, like some other fevers, in just nine days, for at the expiration of that time, I sought an opportunity for an avowal. I was convinced that I had only to ask to receive. Fifty times I essayed to tell her the tale of my love, but my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. I had my speech perfectly well committed—I had practised it a hundred times—but my memory, unfortunately, was paralysed, when I stood in most need of its assistance.

It was ordained from the beginning, that man should not remain long in Paradise. I had written home, informing my family that my uncle was convalescent. I had been in B— just two weeks, when a letter from my father, conveying a peremptory order for me to hurry home to attend to some indispensable business, arrived. This summons, however disagreeable, I well knew must be immediately attended to. I therefore made preparations to leave early on the morning after the reception of the letter.

My mind was a scene of most admirable disorder during the remainder of the day. I fully resolved that that night should witness the settlement of my everlasting happiness or misery.

The evening came, and I went to Louisa's residence. I will not attempt to describe the extent of my wretchedness when I entered the room. It seemed to me, that every man, woman and child, that resided in the village had combined to thwart my determination. About a dozen of the neighbors were collected sociably together. And, to heighten my rage, I had barely seated myself, when my uncle presented his unwelcome visage. I sat with every thought gathered gloomy within myself. I felt no disposition to talk; I only burned for an opportunity to declare.

I was bored to death with the regret that every one expressed at the necessity which urged my departure in the morning. It all seemed to be heartless. Louisa appeared to me to take the matter to heart, when I mentioned it to her. I fully resolved to remain until every soul was gone, and then breathe the pent-up secret of my heart into her ear. It is not to the purpose of this tale that I should narrate all the occurrences of the evening. It was most supremely dull and tedious to me; and the only indication of life that I felt was when Louisa would flit past, just stopping long enough to make the chords of my heart ring with the celestial melody of her voice.

Well, as all things must have an end, this party ended. The neighbors went off, all—save my cursed relative. There he sat, as if he was immovably chained to the spot. Oh, how I wished for power to annihilate him! I waited, but he would not go. At length, after the lapse of an hour, he arose, and announced to Louisa that we would depart. I arose of course, for what else could I do? Go I must, for it was nearly twelve o'clock. Louisa bade me farewell most affectionately—hoped I would revisit my uncle again shortly—wished me a pleasant journey—and, as I fancied, sighed audibly. The pressure of my hand was of the most expressive kind, as I assured her, that I would compass heaven and earth, if necessary, to enjoy the paradise of her society once more.

The stage was to start at daylight, and I sincerely hoped that Somnus would befriend me, and wrap the mantle of sleep so profoundly about all in the vicinity as to render their waking impossible.

I was feverish all the night. I had dreams of unspeakable bliss, and unutterable horror. I awoke frequently. I was in hopes I would be too sick by daylight to travel. I tried to force

illness upon my body. I imagined I had every sort of fever, and all the diseases in the calendar, but to no purpose. I had not been prudent enough to swallow a dose of pills, or some other nostrum, and it was now too late to procure them. In this restless manner I spent the night. I heard the stage at a distance. It approached. It stopped. The driver twanged his horn. My uncle came into my room, bearing along with him a sickly lamp. I feigned sleep. He shook me—he called—pulled off the covering—and, at length, jerked me on the floor, and I had to open my eyes!

My head would not ache. The driver was a descendant of Job, and waited the tardiness of my motions with provoking patience. I, at last, found myself dressed, and down stairs. Slowly and reluctantly I clambered into the hated stage. I looked at Miss Worthington's dwelling opposite, but all was silent. I shook my uncle's hand—the driver mounted his seat—cracked his whip, and off we started.

The jig was up. My uncle was well, and to all appearances, would not have necessity for a hair during the next forty years.

I had been at home three weeks, when I wrote Louisa a letter. In it I expressed the immortal character of the passion I entertained for her; and added, that it was my determination to have communicated to her in person, that which I had written, but owing to the company at her house on the evening prior to my departure, my design had been frustrated. I besought her to relieve the suspense of my mind, by an immediate answer.

My mind was speedily relieved of its burden of anguish—but how relieved!

The next day after I had deposited my letter in the post office, I received a letter from my uncle. I broke the seal in haste, hoping to hear something of Louisa. And I did hear enough about her. He said, he had got tired of living a bachelor, and had made arrangements for changing his condition. I have not sufficient patience to detail the contents of this interesting letter. He was engaged to Louisa Worthington, and they were to be married in a fortnight! He requested my attendance on the happy occasion, as groomsman!

My suspense was over, but my misery was complete. I hastened back to the post office to get the letter I had deposited on the preceding day, but, to my infinite mortification, I learned it was on the road to B—

That day was the unhappiest of my life. My uncle was to be married, and my pecuniary expectations in that quarter were cut off. Louisa was to be married, and all my hopes of her hand were extinguished.

Oh, Cash! soliloquised I, thou art the all in all, the *to kalon*, the only thing needful in life. How talismanic is thy influence! Thou reconcil'st loveliness to deformity, and blooming beauty to grey-headed decrepitude! For thee is the sparkle of the eye, the freshness of the lip, and not the deep fervor of the spirit. Love, and youth, and beauty have their prices, and thou art the disbursing of prices, Oh, Cash!

I attributed all my disappointment to that cursed party. I understood fully, how my uncle had become possessed of the flowers I had seen Miss Worthington gather on the evening on which I had first seen her. Had I made a declaration in time, my vanity assured me I would have escaped this calamity. Reader! if thou art a bachelor, always take time by the forelock—keep constantly before thy mind the old adage, 'Faint heart never won fair lady.'

Of course, I did not attend the celebration of their nuptials. I could not bear to play the second part in a drama, in which I had fancied myself the principal actor. I sent an apology to my uncle, and requested Louisa to burn that ill-fated letter, beseeching her by all that was sacred and inviolable, to keep its contents forever secret from my uncle.

This was my FIRST LOVE, and his LAST LOVE—the wretch!
[Cincinnati Mirror.]

DOMESTIC SCIENCE.—WHY AND BECAUSE.

EVAPORATION.

Why is a decanter of cold water when brought into a warm room, speedily covered with dew? Because the temperature of the decanter is lower than that of the air immediately around it. The dew may be wiped off again, but will be constantly reproduced till the temperatures are equal. Upon this principle, the most convenient sort of hygrometer, or instrument for measuring the quantity of vapor in the atmosphere, is constructed.

Why are porous vessels used for wine-coolers? Because, being dipped in water, they imbibe a quantity of it, which gradually evaporates; and, as a part of the heat necessary to convert the water into vapor will be taken from the bottle of wine placed in it, the wine is considerably cooled.

Why does the breath or perspiration of animals (of horses in particular, after strong exertion,) become strikingly visible in cold or damp weather? Because the vapor (invisible while at a higher temperature) is thickly precipitated, by the air with which it is mixed being too cold to preserve it invisible.

Why is profuse perspiration so cooling to laboring men, and all evaporation productive of cold? Because of the necessity of a large quantity of caloric being combined with fluids, to convert them into vapor or gas.

Why do persons take cold by sitting in wet clothes? Because they suddenly lose a large portion of heat, which is carried off from the body by the evaporation of the water from the clothes.

Why, in hot countries, do persons continually throw water on curtains which there form the sides of apartments? Because the evaporation of the water absorbs a vast deal of heat, and makes the apartments cool and refreshing.

Why are assembly rooms ventilated? Because of the motion produced by the weight of air, when heated. The air which is within the room becomes warmer than the external air, and the latter then presses in at every opening or crevice to displace the former.

Why does the sulphuric acid in fire bottles so often fail in igniting the matches? Because the acid is continually attracting moisture from the air, owing to the imperfect manner of closing the bottles.

SECONDARY.—Mr. Chalkley Haines' mare (in Columbia Co. Ohio) had twin colts last spring. Subsequently his cow had twin calves; and recently his wife presented him with three children, one son and two daughters, at a birth. All parties, except the colts, which are dead, are as well as could be expected.
[N. Y. Cour. & Eng.]

ORIGINAL BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.—No. II.
CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN.

The distinguished literary character whose name stands at the head of this article, was born in the city of Philadelphia, on the 17th of January, 1771. From infancy, Brown possessed a delicate constitution, which perhaps tended in a great measure, to induce that early attachment to books, by which he was characterized—they were the theme of his passion; and his ardent pursuit throughout life. He received a classical education under the instruction of Robert Proud, the well known author of the 'History of Pennsylvania.' Prior to his sixteenth year he wrote a number of essays, both in prose and verse, and had sketched plans for three distinct epic poems, neither of which, however, was ever completed, or at least they were never brought before the public.

In the year 1789, when at the age of eighteen, he commenced the study of the law, in the office of Alexander Wilcox, an eminent lawyer of Philadelphia. Although, while pursuing his legal studies, Mr. Brown was in a great measure, disqualified from wooing the muses, yet he obtained a clear and vigorous style of expressing himself, which he had always made an object of his peculiar ambition. Upon commencing the practice of his profession, he found it so irksome that he soon relinquished it, and essayed forth into the world as an author. The thought of making his family uneasy by the abandonment of his legal calling, rendered him for a time extremely unhappy; but they were partial and forgiving, and their kind indulgence was soon richly rewarded by the laurels of fame, which he began to acquire, by the graceful wielding of his pen in the region of fiction.

One of the first novels which Mr. Brown wrote was entitled 'Sky Walk,' but owing to the death of the printer, it was never published: he afterwards incorporated parts of it into 'Wieland,' 'Ormund,' 'Arthur Mervyn,' and 'Edgar Huntley.' In 1797, he gave to the world his first novel, 'Alcibiades,' and the succeeding year he published 'Wieland.' This original and powerful romance, which excited great attention and universal admiration, brought the author into the special notice of the literary world. In 1799, he brought forward 'Ormund, or the Secret Witness.' From this period he prosecuted his labors with complete success, and with an ardor and rapidity of execution, seldom equalled by any novelist. His 'Arthur Mervyn' and 'Edgar Huntley,' next appeared in quick succession. In the year 1801, he published his sixth novel, entitled 'Clara Howard.'

In the month of October, 1803, Mr. Brown commenced the publication of a periodical, entitled the 'Literary Magazine and American Register,' which work continued five years, and is replete with the effusions of erudition, taste and original genius. In 1804, he published in London his last novel, 'Jane Talbot.' And in 1806, he commenced a new periodical work, the 'American Register,' of which publication he lived to witness the completion of five volumes.

But the time was fast approaching when the literary career of Mr. Brown was to be brought to a close. His health being very much impaired—probably from too close an application to his literary pursuits, he made several excursions into the New England states, for the purpose of restoring it, but alas! this eminent author soon arrived at the period which put an end to his painful sufferings. He died on the morning of the 22d of February, 1810, at the age of thirty-nine years, one month, and five days.

In drawing this brief sketch to a conclusion, we would barely make a few comments on the character and popularity of Mr. Brown's writings. His novels, especially 'Wieland,' 'Ormund,' and 'Edgar Huntley,' are entitled to a high rank among the literary productions of the present age, both in point of powerful description and striking situations. The praise of full originality is amply due to Mr. Brown: his writings are dignified, yet simple; affecting, yet moral. For a time his works were attributed to the pen of the illustrious author of the 'Waverly Novels,' which were at that period, and still continue to be, so much admired on each side of the Atlantic. And as an instance that his novels were extremely popular, we need not only mention that most of them were re-published in London, and are there esteemed as productions of profound penetration and extraordinary genius. To assert that he has set an example worthy of imitation by our Irvings, our Coopers, and our Flints, is hazarding no denial, and is not tarnishing their brilliant laurels of literary fame.

William Dunlap, esq., the well known native painter, has reared a monument of fame to this eminent AMERICAN NOVELIST, by writing his life, and publishing it, together with his original letters and fragments of 'Carwin,' 'Calvert,' and 'Jessica,' in two volumes octavo. Any further comments would be superfluous: the reader must have already recognized an early and efficient promoter of *American Literature*, at a time when it greatly needed a faithful disciplinarian.

August, 1834.

DARWIN.

ANECDOTE.—Recently in a city on the seaboard, not 1,000,000 miles from Baltimore or New Orleans, a coroner was waited upon with the information that the body of a man had been found on the dock, and was deposited on the wharf to await the inquest. With a readiness to execute the prosecution of his duty peculiar to himself, our coroner was seen popping about the streets and tapping the shoulder of many an unwilling wight, who gracelessly murmured at this unceremonious promotion to the office of jurymen.

It was evening and the lamps threw their sickly glare along the still and deserted lanes in the vicinity of the water, as the little company moved onwards to the unhallowed bier of the suicide, preceded by a negro boy bearing a torch, whose flickering flame served only to make darkness visible. It was at the extreme end of the wharf, where the corpse was lying. As they approached it, an involuntary and solemn silence was observed. The hour, the remoteness of the spot, the low gurgling of that element from which a fellow mortal had recently been taken, and some mysterious circumstances rumor had conjectured with the affair, all combined to infuse a certain degree of awe into the mind of the spectators. "Form a circle round the body, gentlemen," said the coroner. It was done; and the

negro with his torch placed at the head, looked like one of the imps from below, rolling his eyes suspiciously around, as if to assert the claim of the fallen monarch, should any dare dispute it. The oath was administered in the ordinary form, and an examination of the body commenced. The countenance was much discolored and the glassy eye, half exposed by the unclosed lash, peered dimly from the socket.

"This man must have been several days in the water," observed one of the jurymen. "Not three hours!" said a deep sepulchral voice issuing from the vivid lips of the drowned man.

What a scene was exhibited! Amazement and horror most profound were pictured in every face, as each starting from his feet, sprang several paces backward, while the poor negro was arrested in his precipitate flight, by tripping against the stiffened arm of the corpse, which brought him to the ground. The torch was instantly secured by a person present, who urged the jurors to investigate the matter fully. Somewhat emboldened, they again assembled, when one made the remark, "Is it possible that the voice proceeded from that unfortunate man?"

"'Twas I that spoke," was uttered from the same lips and in the same dazed tone. This reply made the blood creep again, when another put the question, "were you murdered?"

"I was," was the reply. "By whom?" "By Mr. —, the coroner."

This appalling and supernatural disclosure gained immediate credence, and the murderer was seized on the spot, who, however, evinced no disposition to escape the hands of his captors, and was forthwith conveyed to a hotel some squares distant, to await the coming of the magistrate, before whose appearance, however, a gentleman attracted by curiosity to the apartment, taking a survey of the solemn countenances of the company, burst into a fit of laughter. An explanation was required. "Gentlemen," said the intruder, "I think I can elucidate this affair." For heaven's sake do, entreated the coroner. "I beg leave to introduce to you," continued the stranger, taking one of the jurors by the hand, "Mr. H—, the celebrated ventriloquist." The sequel is soon told. H— had begged the coroner to let him go at the time he was summoned, without disclosing himself. The coroner was inexorable, and H— determined on this novel mode of revenge, which terminated in a hearty laugh and an oyster supper.

AN INTERESTING PICTURE.—A young merchant, whom we shall call Morton, was united a few years since to a most amiable girl, whom he sincerely loved, and who returned his affections with all the warmth and ardor his many virtues deserved. At the time of their nuptials, Mr. Morton's business was lucrative, and apparently increasing, so that he could indulge in reasonable anticipation, not only of eventual independence, but of attaining that desirable end, without denying himself and family the fashionable gratifications of the day. Accordingly, he furnished his house in a style of considerable elegance, kept several servants, and in other respects conducted his family arrangements on a liberal scale; and which his forefathers would perhaps have deemed idly extravagant. His wife, too, thinking to do credit to her husband paid little attention to economy, and rather made it her study to gratify his taste, than to regard the expense it might occasion.

There was a time when such a general prosperity pervaded this country that prudence herself seemed to justify extravagance. But those times had gone by, and on those countenances where once sat hope and confidence, now sat disappointment and despair. No longer could the merchant engage in schemes of enterprise; for he saw the more extensively he was in business, the more extensively were his losses. No longer could he place reliance on the stability of his neighbor; for experience was daily teaching, in painful lessons, that the foundations of credit were loosened, and those who had withstood many a storm now bent and yielded to the calamities of the times.

But still the storm howled only without the dwelling of domestic peace—it had not yet wounded the merchant in his tenderest concerns. Soon, however, Mrs. M. saw the gloom that was gathering on her husband's brow, and which neither her own affectionate solicitude, nor his children's sportive playfulness, could chase away. Day after day passed, and he sighed in silence. At length she extorted from him the cause of his dejection, and learned that his business had declined, and that he had sustained multiplied losses, which had deprived him nearly of all his earnings. There are women, and women whom the world call women of sense too, who could have contented themselves with sympathizing with their husbands, and supposing that by affectionately sharing his regrets they had discharged their duty. Not such a woman was Mrs. Morton. She felt deeply for her husband's misfortunes, and that feeling prompted her to do what was in her power to assist him. She immediately commenced a rigid system of reform, retained only one servant, her table was not as before, loaded with luxuries, and the wine was banished from her sideboard. Her two children were neatly but simply dressed, and she gazed upon them with more heart-felt delight, than when covered with ribbons and useless finery. She applied herself to domestic avocations with unabated diligence, and carried economy into every department of her household.

All this was not done, however, without the opposition and in some instances the sneers of her acquaintances; but happily the suggestions of pride and indolence fell harmless on the ears of Mrs. Morton, for she weighed them against her duty to her husband, and her affection to her children, and the scales mounted in the air. Her husband, in the mean time, though he would have perished rather than he would have prescribed such conduct, saw her thus employed with a new delight springing in his heart, and in his approbation she found at once a reward for past exertion, and an excitement to new. From the much decreased expenses of his family he was encouraged to struggle against misfortune, and his business soon began slowly to revive; and though he cannot, as before, anticipate speedy wealth, yet from the prudent care of his wife, and his own industry and application, brighter prospects are daily opening to his view. To his partner he is now attached by a new, tender tie of affection; for he has seen that she can share and alleviate the distress of adversity, as well as adorn and dignify the prosperous station.

Happy Morton, who has such a wife; and thrice happy and lovely the woman that can thus act! From her example may every American fair learn in what course of conduct lies the true dignity of female character. May they learn that they were intended by providence not merely to float on the surface of pleasure, or flutter like butterflies in the sun, but to be sweet soothers and consolers of man, when misfortune clouds his prospects, and presses heavily upon his spirits. [Poulson's Daily Advertiser.]

Tales of the Deaf and Dumb.—If we are sometimes importunate in our appeals to a beneficent public, we hope and trust that those appeals will never spring from any other than a disinterested and charitable impulse, and for the promotion of a valuable end. It is but yesterday that we invited (and do we now by any means withdraw or qualify that invitation?) the liberality and justice of our citizens to an indemnity, partial at least, if not total, for the injuries which our colored population sustained during the recent disturbances. To-day we make another more general, but perhaps less ostentatious, application to their sympathies. It is an application in behalf of a worthy young man, born with faculties apparently as advantageous as our own, but who, to subserve the insatiable purposes of Providence, has been thrown back upon society, mutilated of one of the fairest and most valuable properties of our nature. It is almost needless to say that we allude to the case of Mr. John R. Burnet, of New Jersey. By the advice, and at the instigation of his friends, he has been induced to submit for public patronage, proposals for publishing by subscription a work in prose and poetry, to be entitled *Tales of the Deaf and Dumb*. It will contain an account of the Art of Instructing the Deaf and Dumb—Anecdotes of Deaf and Dumb Persons—The Orphan Muse, a Tale in Prose—Emma, the Deaf and Dumb Girl, a Tale in Poetry—A Poem on the Battle of Trenton—A Poem on the Passaic Falls—A Poem on Winter—and numerous smaller pieces. An Engraving of the Manual Alphabet, illustrating the Deaf and Dumb, will also be inserted. It will make a doodecimo of two hundred pages, and be delivered to subscribers for seventy-five cents, neatly bound in boards. It will be put to press as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers are obtained. Mr. Burnet is a young man—a mute—who enjoyed the ordinary facilities of our race until the age of seven, when he was attacked with the canker-rash or scarlatina, which utterly destroyed his faculty of hearing, and consequently of speech. Hence he could not be educated in the ordinary course of instruction. But although deprived almost in infancy of one of the most important inlets to the understanding, he must have imbibed, we presume, a precious comprehension of the harmony of numbers. Music and metrical composition by infant performers have frequently excited the most profound astonishment. Of this the Lewis family, whose performances in this city some 13 years ago gave such universal gratification, afforded abundant proof. We are no more than students, and make no professions of science, in its technical meaning, in relation to this subject, but it is in no other way that we can account for the proficiency, limited as it may be held, of Mr. Burnet, in metrical feet, numbers, and that consonance of sound in the termination of lines which is designated rhyme. Metre is, not beyond, but aside, from the comprehension of the Deaf and Dumb. We speak not on this subject without the lights of observation. Mr. Le Clerc, the celebrated Mute Professor, is of a highly poetic temperament, and possessed of great imaginative powers; but he can no more comprehend the principles of poetic combination, than a blind man can discern the combination of colors. We strive, therefore, to refer back this remarkable and unique faculty of Mr. Burnet to a strong power of perception, at an early age, of the harmony of numbers, the very intensity of which, may have contributed to his subsequent misfortune. He was the author of the poetic address from the Deaf and Dumb to the Blind, which attracted so much attention and admiration last winter, at the Fair held at the City Hotel, for the benefit of the latter. From time to time, he has published, in the country papers of his native state, tales, sketches and poetic effusions, that would have been creditable to writers not laboring under the disadvantages to which he has been doomed.

Mr. Burnet has been twice an inmate of the New York Asylum, and his proficiency has reflected credit both upon the institution, and upon himself. But he is the resident of a foreign State, (New Jersey), and presents no claim to the liberality of public state munificence. By the patronage he hopes to obtain for his work, it may be possible that he can pursue his studies, (which is his highest wish, or at least be able to place himself in a situation to discharge moral, if not legal obligations, weighing upon him, and perhaps open to him the hope of future humble independence, by personal labor, in agricultural pursuits. Last winter, or early in the spring, he undertook the co-editorship of a paper, printed in Philadelphia, called the *People's Friend*. Although he executed the part assigned to him with assiduity, labor and talent, yet the 'experiment' was unsuccessful, and he is now thrown upon his own resources, limited as they are, with the hope that his peculiar situation will enlist in his behalf the sympathies of the public. In that hope, we cordially participate. It is proper to mention that Mr. Burnet feels great solicitude, from an apprehension that he may be suspected of imposture, on applying for subscriptions to the work. Nor is his sensibility, perhaps, on this head, without foundation. A pair of impostors, by the names of Pierre Roger, and Barney McMahon, are, as we are informed, prowling around the country, with fabricated certificates, in which each claims to be the good character of the other, and of the standing of each as an impostor is to be traced, however, in respect to Mr. Burnet, no such apprehension need be indulged. He will be furnished with papers amply establishing his identity and claims, which we trust will not be least sight of, however numerous or pressing may be other applications for a bestowment of this world's goods. (N. Y. Com. Advertiser.)

For the Inquirer.

Our city is again clothed in the sable garb of mourning—the hand of the destroyer has been abroad among us; severing the ties of kindred and the bands of friendship; sweeping before it the fairest and best, and spreading a gloom over the bright prospects of our citizens. Families, which, but a few hours before were happy and joyous around the social fireside, have been carried away, as it were—buried beneath the 'cold sod of the valley,' while none are left to tell the sad tale. All is dark and desolate—without one gleam of light, save the genial rays of *Hope*, as she appears brightly beaming from afar, bursting the clouds of affliction and sorrow, and opening a vista to other and happier climes; where the sorrows of mortality are known no more. What heart-rendering scenes have not our citizens witnessed, since the dread scourge appeared among us. They have oft witnessed the brightly youth, with a gay and buoyant heart, trodding lightly the path of life before him, with joy and gladness beaming upon his countenance. But alas! how fleeting and transient is man! A few short hours have rolled away, and the story of his life is told: he is laid low in the 'dark and silent tomb,' and only known as of the beings that *were*. How oft have they seen the fond parents hover around their once smiling offspring; now lying before them a cold, lifeless corpse; soon to be consigned to its last resting place. Heart-broken and sad, they weep for joys departed, and fondly cherished hopes, forever blasted by the stern decree of providence, which has taken from them that which they held most dear.

They have seen the fond husband torn from an affectionate wife, whose whole soul and existence seemed linked in indissoluble ties with his own; hearts which have commingled with each other in the bright and sunny days of youth, and oft together, in the tower of affection, chanted forth their young day-dreams of love, and fancied visions of future happiness and bliss. They too, have been rent asunder—separated forever on mortality's shore, to meet again only in more congenial climes, *here* to part no more forever. The one or the other has been left—lonely and disconsolate they tread their desolate pathway—life to them is but a dreary waste—all its attractions and beauties are lost—their spirits buoyed up by the reflection that they shall meet again where death cannot part them. Such scenes as these remind us that, 'while in life we are in death'; that the vain and transitory things of this life fly before us as on the wings of the wind, and when we would grasp them they have flown; beyond the reach of our grasp, far into the vale of oblivion, and we cannot recall them—they are gone forever. When we look abroad upon the prospects before us, how else can our hearts be but sad and melancholy—our hearts melt with commiseration, for we cannot, we would not smother the kindred feelings which nature has implanted in our bosoms, but give vent to the emotions which agitate our breasts; and if oftentimes the tear of sorrow starts to our eyelids, we feel assured that it is not the tear of weakness, but the full gush of soul for the miseries and afflictions of our fellow men. These are the times for the display of all those christian virtues which adorn the human heart. Our duty to those around us should not be lost sight of, and by constant care and attention, we should alleviate, as far as in us lies, the miseries of the bed of sickness, and, finally, we should 'do unto others, as we would have others do unto us.' J. B.

Buffalo, Aug. 25.

The Ohio Repository of the 15th, (published at Canton) states, that during a storm on the Sunday previous halibutons fell measuring from seven to nine inches in circumference, and that a Mr. Kaufman picked up one which, after being carried a quarter of a mile, measured twelve inches in circumference, and weighed nine ounces.

In Boston, recently, a schoolmaster was reputed to have spoken of a young girl (one of his pupils) in a disrespectful manner. Her father called upon him, and twisted his nose into the most frightful shape, so that his friends could hardly recognize him. The aggressor was fined \$1 therefor.

A Mr. John Smith, living on Long Island, who is now 91 years old, had his descendants, to the fifth generation, amounting to 250, to spend an afternoon together at the same house.

The London Times publishes, with indignation, a letter from Joseph Hume, to W. L. Mackenzie, Mayor of Toronto, (U. C.) It is said that the object of the member for Middlesex, is to excite the Canadians "to shake off the government of the parent country, as a 'base and despotic domination.'"

Many inquiries have been made as to the propriety of the anti-administration party calling themselves *Whigs*, an eastern editor says, "we are called *Whigs* and very properly, for we shall be put over the heads of our opponents." [Id.]

CHOICE EXTRACTS.

INDUSTRY.—The late Rev. John Heckwelder, of Bethlehem, was a worthy Missionary of the Indians of Pennsylvania, during forty years. He published a history of their manners and customs, from which the following anecdote is extracted:

Seating myself once upon a log by the side of an Indian, who was resting himself there, being at that time actively employed in fencing his cornfield, I observed to him, that he must be very fond of working as I never saw him idling away his time, as is so common with the Indians. The answer returned made a very great impression on my mind. I have remembered it ever since, and I shall try to relate it as nearly in his own words as possible.

"My friend," said he "the fishes in the water, and the birds in the air, and on the earth, have taught me to work. By their example I have been convinced of the necessity of labor and industry. When I was a young man I loitered about doing nothing, just like the other Indians, who say, that working is for whites, and negroes, and the Indians have been ordained for other purposes—to hunt the deer, and catch the beaver, otter, racoon, and such other animals.—But it one day happened, while hunting, I came to the bank of the Susquehanna and having sat myself down by the water's edge to rest a little, and casting my eye on the water, I was forcibly struck when I observed with what industry the meehalingus (sun fish) heaped small stones together, to make secure places for their spawn, and all this labor they did with their mouth and body without hands!

"Astonished, as well as diverted, I lighted my pipe and sat awhile smoking and looking on, when presently a little bird not far from me raised a song, which enticed me to look that way. While I was trying to distinguish where the songster was, and catch it with my eyes, its mate with as much grace as it could hold in its bill, passed close by me and flew into a bush, when I perceived them together, busily employed in building their nest, and singing as their work went on. I saw the birds in the air and the fishes in the water working diligently and cheerfully, and all this without hands. I thought it was strange, and I became lost in wonder. I looked at myself, and saw two long arms, provided with hands and fingers, and joints that might be opened and shut with pleasure. I could when I pleased, take up any thing with these hands, hold it fast, or let it loose, and carry it along with me. When I walked, I observed moreover, that I had a stout body capable of bearing fatigue, and supported by two stout legs with which I could climb to the top of the highest mountain, and descend at pleasure into the valleys.

"And is it possible, said I, that a being so wonderful as I am, was created to live in idleness; while the birds which have no hands and nothing but their bills to help them, work with cheerfulness and without being told to do so! Has then the great creator of man, and of all living creatures, given me all these limbs for no purpose? It cannot be. I will try to go to work. I did so and went away from the village to a spot of good land, where I built a cabin, enclosed ground, sowed corn, and raised cattle. Ever since that time I have enjoyed a good appetite and sound sleep—while the others spend their nights in dancing, and suffering with hunger, I live in plenty. I keep horses, cows, and fowls. I am happy. See, my friend, the birds and fishes have brought me to reflection, and taught me to work.

AGRICULTURE.—"The effort to extend the dominion of man over nature," says Bacon, the great master of philosophy "is the most healthy and most noble of all ambitions." This admirable sentiment is in nothing more true than in its application to agriculture. Here man exercises dominion over nature; exerts a power more nearly than any other resembling a creative power; commands the earth on which he treads to waken her mysterious energies; scatters the beauties and glories of the vegetable creation, where before all was desolate; compels the animate earth to teem with life; and to impart sustenance and power, health and happiness to the countless multitudes, who hang upon her breast and are dependent on her bounty.

Agriculture is the great interest of every community advanced beyond the savage state. I mean no invidious distinction. The interests of the social body are various; and in proportion to its improved condition its wants are multiplied to an indefinite extent. Many hands and many arts are necessary to erect, support, furnish, light up, adorn the grand superstructure of society, and supply the wants and provide for the entertainment of its innumerable and insatiable guests. The division of labor is one of the most important improvements of civilization, and one of the surest evidences of its advancement. It is essential to the perfection of the arts of life. The humblest occupations are important; and, if useful and honest, are respectable. He who labors with his mind, equally as he who labors with his hands, is a working man. The hardy ploughman who "jocund drives his team a'field," and proudly strokes the smooth coats of his cattle, has no reason to envy the pale emaciated scholar, poring till faint with exhaustion over the half formed progeny of his wearied brain; with his eyes scarce open, hunting for metaphors by the expiring lamp; and wait-

ing so long with hope deferred for the gushes of inspiration, that when at last the waters are troubled he has not strength left to crawl to the fountain. In the crowded hive of human life, they who build the cell, as they "who gather the honey to store it well" are mutually useful and essential. But among the various occupations of society, agriculture obviously holds a commanding rank. If the prince may proudly say "I govern all;" and the soldier "I fight for all;" and the merchant "I pay for all," the farmer may hold up his head as high as the rest, and with noble self complacency say, "I feed all." What would become of the operatives, and of what use would be the curious and exquisite machinery of the largest establishment, if the power wheel should cease its revolutions? Manufacturers and commerce, all of science and all of art, all of intellectual as well as physical good, are dependent on agriculture. The agricultural products of one year are not more than sufficient for the consumption of the animal creation, until the succeeding harvest pours out its golden treasure: If the husbandman should remit his labors for a single season the human race must perish. What would philosophy do without bread? Without agriculture the thundering wheel and the buzzing spindles of the manufacturer must cease their gyrations. She too loads the buoyant arks of commerce, and bids them speed their flight to the remotest regions of the earth, and return deeply freighted with the treasures of foreign climes.

Agriculture as a profession begins to occupy the rank among us to which it has a just claim. Some of the most distinguished men in our own and other countries, in the present and past ages, men as eminent for intellectual and moral attainments, as for the station which they have occupied in public regard, and the part which they have performed in public affairs, have honored the profession and themselves by engaging in its humblest labor and details; and have ingeniously confessed that they have found in its calm pursuits an inexhaustible source of interest and recreation, and a more grateful pleasure than the brilliant scenes of public life afforded. The elements of true dignity of character are integrity, usefulness, activity and intelligence. This beautiful valley, watered by the beneficent stream, whose name it bears, and fenced by those magnificent highlands, which mark its progress to the ocean, presents in its farming population so many examples of this noble combination, that the profession of agriculture here, occupies a front rank among the most useful and respectable. [Colman's Address.

A FRAGMENT.—Look on the broad and glorious face of the sky, Oh, Atheist! When suns are there in splendor and innumerable worlds wheel on their ceaseless and eternal course through the regions of infinite space; does thou not discover the hand of a Superior Power, pointing out their path-way, and upholding the structures of the august universe? Look, when clouds are there, piled up in the awfulness of their grandeur, and the lightning rides forth on the car of destruction: Listen to the roll of the thunder, and to the rush of the tempest, as he sweeps through the shuddering earth: Seest thou no God there? Hearest thou not the sound of his voice, and the rolling of his carriage wheels?

Look on the bosom of the Ocean, when not a breath disturbs its dead repose, and it lies stretched out like a vast mirror reflecting the vast firmament of heaven; Seest thou there no trace of Deity? Look when the spirit of the deep has risen in his anger; when billow wars with billow; when the mountain waves seem to mingle with the sky, and darkness flings her awful shroud over the contending waters; leaving no cheerful ray to guide the hapless mariner to his haven: Seest thou not there a being of infinite power and greatness?

Look on the beautiful earth when she puts on her rich robe of fruits and flowers; when the fragrance of all that's grateful to the senses is in her nostrils; and her voice is full of songs and melodious hymning: Dost thou not there discern a power of love, and mercy, and holiness?

Look, when dreadful Winter comes forth from his prison in the north, dealing ruin and terror; and covering the glorious sky with angry frowns, and threatening; all that's beautiful in the earth retires before him, and he rides on triumphant; marking his footsteps with grandeur and desolation! Seest thou there no august, no mighty hand?

Look, once again, and behold the creature that walks upright in the midst of creation, mark the immortality that beams from his countenance, and his look which penetrates the skies. Then turn thy thoughts within and listen to the voice of thy own bosom: Observe all its workings, its fears, its hopes, its susceptibility of the most exquisite enjoyment and wretchedness; its anxious and ardent thirst for still greater and greater knowledge; its earnest, constant and undying cravings after something still unobtained, and still buried in mysterious future; and above all, its convulsive clinging to life, and its unutterable dread of ceasing to be. Atheist—art thou not immortal? and is there no God?

DEPTH OF THE OCEAN.—The depth of the ocean is a point which has puzzled alike philosophers and practical men, and is after all left in a wide field of conjecture. The most probable guide is analogy, and the wisest men, judging

by this criterion, have presumed that the depth of the sea may be measured by the height of mountains, the highest of which are between 20,000 and 30,000 feet. The greatest depth that has been tried to be measured, is that found in the northern ocean, by Lord Mulgrave. He heaved out a very heavy sounding lead and gave out along with it, cable rope to the length of 4680 feet, without finding bottom.

DEATH.—Death is a solemn event to all. It is the sad fruit of sin. It often makes the saint tremble. It always plunges the sinner into woe. It separates from all earthly friends. It places the soul before God. It leads to an unalterable state of being. It puts an end to all usefulness in the church. It prevents any further use of the means of grace. When that dread hour comes, the righteous will be righteous still, and the unholy will be unholy still. Oh! then how solemn, how important is death. To this event we are all exposed; none escape; it may overtake us in a moment; and if we are then lost, we are lost forever. Now, now only is the time to secure the salvation of your soul. Reader are you prepared for this solemn change? have you fled to Christ, who is the only hope set before us in the gospel? Remember, there is no other way to God; no other name given whereby we must be saved. His blood cleanseth from all sin. If this be neglected or despised, you must perish forever. May you be awakened to a serious concern about Death and Eternity, ere it is too late.

A LOCK OF HAIR.—Few things in this weary world are so delightful as keepsakes. Nor do they ever, to my heart at least, nor to my eye, lose their tender, their powerful charms! How slight, how small, how tiny a memorial, saves a beloved one from oblivion; worn on the finger; or close to the heart, especially if they be dead. No thought is so insupportable as that of entire, total, blank forgetfulness, when the creature that once laughed, and sung, and wept to us close by our side, or in our arms, is as if her smiles, her voice, her tears, her kisses had never been. She and them all swallowed up in the dark nothingness of the dust.

Of all keepsakes, memorials, relics—most dearly, most devotedly do I love a little lock of hair; and oh! when the head it beautified has so long mouldered in the dust, how spiritual seems the undying glossiness of the sole remaining! All else gone to nothing, save and except that soft, smooth, burnished and glorious fragment of the apperealing that once hung in clouds and sunshine over an angel's brow.

Aye, a lock of hair is far better than any picture—it is part of the beloved object herself; it belongs to the tresses that often, long, long ago, may have been disheveled, like a shower of sunbeams, over your beating breast! But now solemn thoughts sadden the beauty once so bright—so refulgent: the longer you gaze on it, the more and more it seems to say, almost upbraidingly, "weepest thou no more for me?" and, indeed, a tear true to the imperishable affections in which all nature seemed to rejoice, bears witness, that the object to which it yearned is no more forgotten, now that she has been dead for so many, many long, weary days, months, years; that she was forgotten, during one hour of absence that came like a passing sound between us and the sunshine of our living—her loving smiles.

TALLEYRAND.—A sententious manner, frigid politeness and an air of observation, formed an impenetrable shield round his diplomatic character. When among his intimate friends he was quite a different being. He was particularly fond of social conversation, which he usually prolonged to a very late hour. Familiar, affectionate, and attentive to the means of pleasing, he yielded to a kind of intellectual epicurism, and became amusing that himself might be amused. He is the author of the bon-mot quoted somewhere by Champfort, where Rubliers said, "I know not why I am called a wicked man, for I never, in the whole course of my life, committed but one act of wickedness." The bishop of Autun immediately exclaimed, with his full sonorous voice and significant manner, "But when will this act be at an end?" One evening, at whist, while he was in London, a lady of fifty was mentioned as having married a footman. Several expressed their surprise at such a choice. "When you are mine," said the bishop of Autun, "you do not count honors." His manner of story-telling is peculiarly graceful, and he is a model of good taste in conversation. Indolent, voluptuous, born to wealth and grandeur, he had yet during his exile, accustomed himself to a life of privation; and he liberally shared with his friends the only resources he had left, arising from the sale of the wreck of his superb library, which fetched a very low price, because even in London, party-spirit prevented a competition of purchasers.

DEATH.—The seeds of diseases are planted in our constitutions by the hand of nature. The earth and the atmosphere, whence we draw our life, are impregnated with death; health is made to operate in its own destruction. The food that nourishes the body, contains the elements of decay; the soul that animates it by the vivifying fire, tends to wear it out by its action; death lurks in ambush along our path.

A wash of chloride of lime has been found an effectual remedy for the bite of an adder.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

THE CONSOLER.—A TALE OF VOLTAIRE.

The great philosopher Citophilus, said one day to a disconsolate woman, who had good cause to be so: "Madam, the Queen of England, the daughter of the great Henry IV. was as unfortunate as yourself; they expelled her from her kingdom; she was near perishing on the ocean by tempests; she saw her royal husband expire on the scaffold." "I am sorry for her," said the lady; and she set herself to lament her misfortunes. "But," said Citophilus, "remember Mary Stuart; she loved, very honorably, a brave musician who had a most beautiful counter-tenor. Her husband killed her musician before her eyes; and then her good friend and cousin, Queen Elizabeth, caused her head to be cut off, and on a scaffold covered with black, and having kept her eighteen years in prison." "That is very cruel," replied the lady; and she plunged again into her melancholy. "You have perhaps heard," said the consoler, "of the beautiful Joan of Naples, who was captured and strangled?" "I have a confused recollection of it," said the mourner. "I must relate to you," added the other, "the fortune of a female sovereign who was dethroned in my time, and died in a desert island." "I know all that story," answered the lady.

"Well, then, I am going to tell you what happened to another great princess, to whom I taught philosophy. She had a lover, as all great and lovely princesses have: one evening, at the remote end of the palace garden, behind the beautiful shrubbery, her lover was kneeling in her presence, and kissing her hand devoutly as if it had been a relic; the princess found it impossible to withdraw her hand from the resolute grasp of the young man; she did not try, to be sure, but then she knew it would be useless; so she submitted with great fortitude: but just as her head inclined to one side, in the tenderest of all possible attitudes, an unseen hand dealt her a most unaffected cuff, which broke her side comb, and abolished her sweetest curl, and gave her a pain in the ear for three days. On turning round she encountered the angry visage of her royal father. The plebeian lover, indignant at the outrage, seized a stone that lay by him, and broke the head of the intruder, who recovered with difficulty, and bears to this day the mark of the wound. The lover was condemned to death for having broke the head of a great prince. You may judge of the state in which the princess was, when they led her lover to be hanged. I saw her a long while in her prison: she talked to me of nothing but her misfortunes." "Why, then, are you unwilling I should think of mine?" said the lady. "Because," said the philosopher, "you ought not to think of them, and because so many great ladies have been unfortunate, it ill suits you to give way to despair. Think of Hecuba, think of Niobe." "Ah," said the lady, "if I had lived in their time, or in that of so many beautiful princesses, and if, to console them, you had related to them my calamities, think you they would have listened to you?"

The next day the philosopher lost his only son, and was on the point of dying with grief. The lady prepared a list of all the kings who had lost their children, and carried it to the philosopher: he read it, found it very exact, and did not weep the less for that. Three months afterwards the philosopher was standing in a ball room, regaling his ears with music, his eyes with the evolutions of the dance, and his palate with pickled oysters. As a lady, flashed by him in the last whirl of a waltz, her snowy arm jarred his elbow and struck the plate from his hand. His countenance darkened; he was a great philosopher and a very polite man; but he loved pickled oysters. The lady, having recovered her powers of speech after the waltz, turned to apologize—their eyes met, and they exclaimed in mutual astonishment—"My dear philosopher, is this you?" "My charming disconsolate, what are you doing here." Neither could comprehend how the other had so soon managed to become so gay. They considered the subject, and finally erected a statue to Time, with this inscription:—

TO THE CONSOLER.

A RUSE LE GUERRE.—Stratagem as well as force is among all nations considered justifiable in war; but whether the conduct which is embraced in the anecdote which we are about to relate, should be considered strictly in accordance with the moral principles which ought to regulate the actions of men, we leave to casuists to decide.

During the early part of the war with Great Britain, a small brig mounting about ten sixes with a crew of 40 or 50 men, sailed from New England in a letter of marque, with permission to cruise as a privateer for a certain length of time, and capture prizes from the enemy. While cruising in the latitude of the homeward-bound West Indians, the brig one morning fell in with a large ship, to which she gave chase, but the captain, an "old sea-dog," on reconnoitering her through the spy glass, was satisfied that she mounted too many guns to contend with, with any prospect of success, and hauled off, much to the dissatisfaction of the crew, who attributed his conduct to want of spirit and courage. In fact, they were not backward in exhibiting their feelings, and the word coward was more than once bandied about the ship in the hearing of the captain. A few days afterwards the brig fell in with another vessel. Every stitch of canvass was spread, and just at night the chase was made out to be a large West Indian man, apparently well armed and manned, and looked like an "ugly customer." "Now," said the Yankee captain to his crew, "I wish you to listen, men, to what I am going to say. I heard some of you muttering something not long since about cowards, and to oblige you I will give you an opportunity of testing the courage of every man on board. You see that ship ahead. She is pierced for twenty four guns, and probably carries sixteen at least, of heavy metal. The ship shall be my prize before two hours. So look out for squalls. If some of you don't lose the number of your mess, I'm mistaken. But mind ye, no backing out. Cowards, ha!" The crew looked rather blank at this pithy harangue, but dared not remonstrate. They were caught in their toils, and resolved to fight it out like men.

Night came on, but they still kept sight of the Englishman.—

It was about half past eight in the evening, when they ranged up within hail on the weather quarter of their more bulky antagonist, who had every man at quarters, evidently prepared for a brush, and with his high bulwarks and numerous deck lanterns, presented rather a formidable appearance. The captain of the brig seized his speaking trumpet, and in a peremptory manner hailed the "strange." "Ship ahoy!" "Hollo!" Heave too—and I'll send my boat on board." "What brig is that, pray?" "The United States brig Argus." "Aye, aye, sir!"—John Bull thought it would be madness to contend with the U. S. brig Argus, which was well known to be a crack Sloop of War of twenty guns, and accordingly backed his maintop-sail without further delay. The Yankees were thunderstruck at their captain's impudence. But the quarter boat was lowered, and officered and manned immediately in true man-of-war style. The American officer ascended the gang way of the English ship, with a "swab" on his shoulder. "What ship is this?" said he, in authoritative tone, as soon as he reached the deck. "The English ship Cernavon Castle, sir, from Barbadoes, bound to Bristol," returned the Englishman submissively. "Then, sir, you will please to step in the boat with your papers, and return with me on board the Argus. Mr. Simpson," said he to the captain's clerk, who filled the post of a middy on this occasion, "I leave you with the men in charge of the ship! you will proceed to put the prisoners in irons, ready to be transferred to the Argus."—When the British captain arrived long-side the Argus, he was astonished at her diminutive size—when he got on board, he saw at once that he had been duped; but then it was too late to remedy the evil. "Sir," said he to the Yankee captain, more in anger than in sorrow, "you told me this vessel was the United States brig Argus." "And I told you the truth, sir. Her name is the Argus, and she belongs to the United States!"

EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF COURAGE.—While Murat was in Madrid he was anxious to communicate with Junot in Portugal; but all the roads to Lisbon swarmed with guerrillas, and with the troops composing Gastanos' army. Murat mentioned his embarrassments to Baron Strogonoff, the Russian Ambassador to Spain. Russia, it is well known, was at that time not only the ally but the friend of France. M. de Strogonoff told Murat that it was the easiest thing in the world. "The Russian Admiral Siniavin," said he, "is in the port of Lisbon; give me the most intelligent of your Polish lancers; I will dress him up in a Russian uniform, and entrust him with despatches for the admiral—you will give him your instructions verbally, and all will go well even if he should be taken prisoner a dozen times between this and Lisbon, for the insurgent army is so anxious to obtain our neutrality, that it will be careful not to furnish a pretext for a rupture."

Murat was delighted with this ingenious scheme. He asked Krasinski, the commandant of the lancers, to find him a brave and intelligent young man. Two days afterwards the commandant brought the prince a young man of his corps, for whom he pledged his life; his name was Leckinski, and he was but eighteen years old. Murat was moved to see so young a man court so imminent a danger; for, if he were detected, his doom was sealed. Murat could not help remarking to the Pole the risk he was about to run. The youth smiled. "Let your imperial highness give me my instructions," answered he, respectfully, "and I will give a good account of the mission I have been honored with. I thank his highness for having chosen me from among my comrades, for all of them would have courted this distinction." The prince argued favorably from the young man's modest resolution. The Russian ambassador gave him his despatches; he put on a Russian uniform and set out for Portugal.

The first two days passed over quietly, but on the afternoon of the third, Leckinski was surrounded by a body of Spaniards, who disarmed him, and dragged him before the commanding officer. Luckily for the youth, it was Castanos himself. Leckinski was aware that he was lost, if he were discovered to be a Frenchman, consequently he determined, on the instant, not to let a single word of French escape him, and to speak nothing but Russian or German, which he spoke with equal fluency. The cries of rage of his captors announced the fate which awaited him, and the horrible murder of General Rene, who had perished in the most dreadful tortures but a few weeks before, as he was going to join Junot, was sufficient to freeze the very blood. "Who are you?" said Castanos, in French, which language he spoke perfectly well, having been educated in France. Leckinski looked at the questioner, made a sign and answered in German, "I do not understand you." Castanos spoke German, but he did not wish to appear personally in the matter, and summoned one of the officers of his staff who went on with the examination. The young Pole answered in Russian or German, but never let a single syllable of French escape him. He might, however, easily have forgotten himself, surrounded as he was, by a crowd eager for his blood, and who waited with savage impatience to have him declared guilty, that is, a Frenchman, to fall on him and murder him. But their fury was raised to a height which the general himself could not control, by an incident which seemed to cut off the unhappy prisoner from every hope of escape. One of Castanos' aid-de-camps, one of the fanatically patriotic, who were so numerous in this war, and who from the first had denounced Leckinski as a French spy, burst into the room, dragging with him a man wearing the brown jacket, tall hat, and red plume of a Spanish peasant. "Look at this man, and then say if it is true that he is a German or a Russian. He is a peasant, I swear by my soul."

The peasant, meanwhile, was eyeing the prisoner closely. Presently his dark eye lighted up with the fire of hatred. "Es Frances, he is a Frenchman!" exclaimed he clapping his hands. And he stated, that having been to Madrid a few weeks before, he had been put in requisition to carry forage to the French barracks; and, said he, "I recollect that this is the man who took my load of forage, and gave me a receipt. I was near him an hour, and I recollect him. When we caught him I told my comrade, this is the French officer I delivered my forage to." This was correct. Castanos probably discerned the true state of the case, but he was a generous foe. He proposed to let him pursue his journey, for Leckinski still insisted that he was a Russian,

and could not be made to understand a word of French. But the moment he ventured a hint of the kind a thousand threatening voices were raised against him, and he saw that clemency was impossible. "But," said he, "will you then risk a quarrel with Russia, whose neutrality we are anxiously asking for?" "No," said the officer, "but let us try this man." Leckinski understood all, for he was acquainted with Spanish. He was removed and thrown into a room worthy to have been one of the dungeons of the inquisition in its best days.

When the Spaniards took him prisoner he had eaten nothing since the previous evening, and when his dungeon door was closed on him he had fasted for eighteen hours; no wonder, then, what with exhaustion, fatigue, anxiety and the agony of his dreadful situation, that the unhappy prisoner fell almost senseless on his hard couch. Night soon closed in and left him to realize in its gloom, the full horror of his hopeless situation. He was brave of course; but to die at eighteen; 'tis sudden. But youth and fatigue finally yielded to the approach of sleep, and he was soon buried in profound slumber. He had slept perhaps two hours, when the door of his dungeon opened slowly and some one entered with cautious steps, hiding with his hand the light of a lamp; the visitor bent over the prisoner's couch, the hand that shaded the lamp, touched him on the shoulder, and in a sweet and silvery voice, a woman's voice, asked him, "Do you want to eat?" The young Pole, awakened suddenly by the glare of the lamp, by the touch and the word of the female, rose upon his couch and with eyes only half opened, said in German, "What do you want?" "Give the man something to eat at once," said Castanos, when he heard the result of the first experiment, "and let him go, he is not a Frenchman. How could he have been so far master of himself? the thing is impossible." But, though Leckinski was supplied with food he was detained a prisoner. The next morning he was taken to a spot where he could see the mutilated corpses of ten Frenchmen who had been cruelly massacred by the peasantry of Trunillo, and he was threatened with the same death. But the noble youth had promised not to fail, and not a word, not an accent, not a gesture or look betrayed him.

Leckinski, when taken back to his prison hailed it with a sort of joy; for twelve hours he had had nothing but gibbets and death, in its most horrid forms before his eyes, exhibited to him by men with the looks and passions of demons. He slept, however, after the harassing excitements of the day, and soundly too; when in the midst of his deep and deathlike slumbers, the door opened gently, some one drew near his couch, and the same soft voice whispered in his ear, "Arise and come with me. We wish to save your life. Your horse is ready." And the brave young man, hastily awakened by the words, "we wish to save your life, come," answered, still in German—"What do you want?" Castanos, when he heard of this experiment and its result, said that the Russian was a noble young man; he saw the true state of the case. The next morning early, four men came to take him before a sort of court martial, composed of officers of Castanos' staff. During the walk they uttered most horrible threats against him; but true to his determinations, he pretended not to understand them. When he came before his judges he seemed to gather what was going on from the arrangements of the tribunal and not from what he heard said around him, and he asked in German where his interpreter was? he was sent for and the examination commenced. It turned at first upon the motive of his journey from Madrid to Lisbon. He answered by showing his despatches to Admiral Siniavin and his passport. Spite of the presence and the vehement assertions of the peasant, he persisted in the same story and did not contradict himself once. "Ask him," said the presiding officer, at last, "if he loves the Spaniards, as he is not a Frenchman?" "Certainly," said Leckinski, "I like the Spanish nation; and I esteem it for its noble character; I wish our two nations were friends." "Colonel," said the interpreter to the president, "the prisoner says that he hates us because we make war like banditti, that he despises us, and that his only regret is that he cannot unite the whole nation in one man, to end this odious war at a single blow."

While he was saying this, the eyes of the whole tribunal were attentively watching the slightest movement of the prisoner's countenance, in order to see what effect the interpreter's treachery would have upon him. But Leckinski expected to be put to the test in some way, and was determined to baffle all their attempts.

"Gentlemen," said Castanos, "it seems to me that this young man cannot be suspected, the peasant must be deceived. The prisoner may pursue his journey, and when he reflects on the hazard of our position, he will find the severity we have been obliged to use excusable." Leckinski's arms and despatches were returned, he received a free pass, and this noble youth came victorious out of the severest trial that the human spirit can be put to.

[Mémoires of the Duchess of Abrantes.

A DOUBLE FISH.—A pair of cat fish were taken alive in a shrimp net, at the Cape Fear river, near Fort Johnston, N. C. in August 1833, and presented to Professor Silliman. One of them is 3 1-2, and the other 2 1-2 inches long, including the tail, the smallest, emaciated and of sickly appearance. They are connected in the manner of the Siamese twins, by the skin at the breast, which is marked by a dark streak, at the line of the union. The texture and color, otherwise, of the skin, is the same as that of the belly. The mouth, viscera, &c. were entire and perfect in each fish, but on withdrawing the entrails, thro' an incision made on one side of the abdomen, the connecting integument was found to be hollow, and nothing resisted a flexible probe from passing through from one to the other. This operation was performed with great care, with the tender and soft end of a spear drawn from a green plant; but there was no appearance of the entrails of one having come in contact with those of the other, for the integument was less than one tenth of an inch in its whole thickness, and in length, from the body or trunk of one fish to the other, it was three tenths, and in the water, when the largest fish was in its natural position, the other could by the length and pliancy of its skin, swim in nearly the same position. It was not ascertained whether they were of different sexes or of the same.

When these fishes came into existence, it is probable they were of almost equal size and strength; but one, 'born of better fortune,' or exercising more ingenuity and industry than the other, gained a trifling ascendancy, which he improved to increase the disparity, and by pushing his extended mouth in advance of the other, seized the choicest and most of the food for himself.—Yet, though he probably hated the incumbrance of his companions, and wished the 'marriage tie cut asunder,' he afforded protection to his 'weaker half,' and could not eat it without *neal-losing himself*. [Silliman's Journal.]

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

LATE AND IMPORTANT FROM ENGLAND.—By the arrival of the packet ship Europe, Capt. Marshall, from Liverpool, we have received dates from that place up to the evening of the 16th July, and London to the 15th. By this arrival, we have received intelligence of the resignation of Earl Grey as Premier of England. The changes in the ministry, in consequence of his resignation, it is said will be few.—Lord Melbourne, formerly secretary of the Home Office, has been called to the Premiership, and Lord Duncannon will fill the vacancy occasioned by his removal from that department. It is also rumored that Lord Durham is going to Ireland in the capacity of Lord Lieutenant, and Mr. Tennyson has been named his Secretary. The new arrangements are said to be very annoying to Lord Brougham, who is stated to have resigned the Seals and gone down to Windsor to have an audience with the King. The general impression is that the new Cabinet is not composed of materials of enduring quality.

The Standard, on the authority of their Paris correspondent, announces the arrival of Don Carlos in Spain. He reached Bayonne on the 8th inst. and on the following day entered Spain, where he is stated to have been extremely well received by the people. What effect this interference may have upon the contest now going on in that unhappy country, it is impossible to foretell. Baron de Haber has been charged by Don Carlos to contract to a loan of 125 million of francs, which he has succeeded in effecting with one of the first houses in Paris. Besides the misery of the civil war raging in Spain, dreadful storms are devastating the north, and the cholera is raging unchecked in the south. [N. Y. Transcript.]

AN OFFICIOUS INTERPRETER.—On Saturday last, a gentleman who recently arrived in this city from Mexico, being desirous of making some purchases of different merchants, procured an interpreter of the name of Rose, (a Mexican who had been located in the city about two years,) to go round with him and assist in making the purchases. Rose accompanied the Mexican through Pearl street, and officiated in buying goods to the amount of several thousand dollars. In the course of the day, Rose procured a carman, and went to all the stores where he and his Mexican employer had been in the morning, and took the goods away in the name of his friend, whose references were good for any amount, in the estimation of the Pearl street merchants, who let Rose have the goods, because, owing to their ignorance of the Mexican language, they thought he was a principal in the purchases. When the truth came to be known, they lodged a complaint at the Police Office, and officers were despatched in pursuit of Rose, who had left the city with the goods, leaving behind him a thorn in the side of his Mexican friend, which will not be easily extracted. [lb.]

A CRAZY OFFICER.—A marshal by the name of Callander who has become deranged by frequent intemperance, proceeded to the Albany steamboat on Saturday morning at 7 o'clock, and, pouncing on a poor Irishman named Dooeyan, brought him and his baggage to the police office, charging him with having committed a robbery to the amount of \$37,000 in gold. The office not being open at that hour, he left the baggage at the watch house, and marched his prisoner over half the city between that time and 9 o'clock, when he again brought him up. The tables were turned upon him, however, for the Irishman was liberated, and the marshal locked up in the lunatic asylum. [lb.]

DREADFUL HURRICANE.—At about 4 o'clock, on the afternoon of Thursday last, this city and vicinity was visited by a tremendous storm of wind and hail; accompanied by a perpetual roar of thunder, in which houses were unroofed, chimneys blown down, fences, trees, and shrubbery prostrated, and one house, and several barns completely demolished. During the whole afternoon, signs of an approaching storm were discoverable to the west, but we believe few anticipated that any thing of a serious nature was about to occur. At the time mentioned, however, the elements seemed to burst upon us in all their fury: the rain descended in torrents, inundating our streets; while the hail exceeded in size and quantity, any thing we have ever before witnessed. Many of our most valuable edifices, are but wrecks of their former splendor. The course of the storm appeared to be E. S. E., and nearly a mile in width; that is, the most furious part of the vane which was, however felt over a much more extensive tract of country. Of the amount of damage we cannot speak with any degree of certainty; it must be considerable. One thing is remarkable, that during all this war of the elements, no lives were lost, and none seriously injured. [Oneida (Utica) Democrat.]

DISTRESSING ACCIDENTS.—On Tuesday last, a child of Mr. S. M. Perine, in attempting to catch hold of the rope immediately in front of Engine No. 3, was thrown down, and before observed by the men, the wheels passed over his body which caused his death. On Thursday afternoon, as a boat was passing under Genesee st. bridge, a little girl, about 10 years old, a child of Mr. Fielding of Rochester, being on the deck, came in contact with the bridge, which knocked her down, and her head, falling between the bridge and a small cask, was dreadfully crushed, which caused immediate death. The father, but a few weeks since, buried his wife, and he was now on a journey to New Jersey, with another child six years old, intending to leave his bereaved offspring with his friends there. [lb.]

ARREST OF SIX PERSONS CHARGED WITH BEING CONCERNED IN THE BURNING OF THE CONVENT.—We learn from Charlestown that six persons have been arrested by the civil authority of that town, charged with a participation in the late incendiary outrage. One of them when first apprehended and charged with the crime, immediately pleaded guilty and offered to give evidence against his accomplices. The offer was accepted, and thus a clue was obtained to the whole nefarious transaction. The examination was commenced on Thursday and continued through the whole of yesterday before Justices Soley and Tufts, by the Attorney General for the Commonwealth and several legal gentlemen for trial. Anonymous letters are said to have been received by the magistrates, threatening to burn the town if the prosecution of the accused were persisted in. [Bost. Atlas.]

INEFFICIENCY OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENTS.—Sanguinary punishments are of little efficacy in preventing crime: the axe will certainly cut down the full grown tree, but new sprouts shoot rapidly out of the ground when it is manured with gore. [Tutti Frutti.]

IRELAND.—At the latest advices the cholera continued to rage in Dublin with unabated violence, while not only the poor, but persons who have all the good things of this world at their command, are snatched away within a few hours after they are first attacked. Great distress prevailed in Thurles and Tipperary, and of a population of 7,000, in the former place, it is ascertained, that no fewer than 2,460 are in absolute want of all the necessities of life. A great riot lately took place at Monaghan, in which one man lost his life. It arose out of the late election in that county.

FRANCE.—From the returns of the late elections it appears that the Ministers will have a very large majority in the House of Deputies. Their force is estimated about 230, that of the opposition about 90, and the no party men 50. The Carlists have returned only about a dozen of their friends.

SPAIN.—Letters from Madrid of the 5th of June received at Paris express great doubts whether the disease that had occasioned so much apprehension in the Spanish capital was any thing more than the ordinary cholera morbus. The Cortes, however, were to meet at the appointed time, if the cholera came in good earnest or not. But the place of their first meetings was most likely to be transferred to the town of Segovia, in the province of the same name, on account of that town's proximity to the royal residence of San Ildefonso, to which the Regent has, in her alarm about the cholera, lately retired.

Don Francisco Martinez De La Rosa has issued a proclamation, in the name of the Queen, setting forth the facts and circumstances which daily present the cause of the legitimate throne and the nation in a more favorable point of view, and which form the basis of their present welfare and their future hopes.

PORTUGAL.—The news from Lisbon relates chiefly to the health of Don Pedro, which seems to have received a considerable shock, though at the latest dates he was convalescent. Nothing could be more alarming than the symptoms while they lasted—fever and spitting of blood; but the latest bulletin describes those symptoms as having disappeared, and calculates generally on his restoration. General Bacon had been tried on the charges preferred against him by General Saldanha, and, to the surprise of every one, was found guilty, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment. The meeting of the Cortes was looked forward to with great anxiety.

BELGIUM.—King Leopold, it is said, is soon to become the proprietor of the magnificent Chateau of Eu. Orders have been given by the Belgian Government for the immediate repair of the citadel of Antwerp. The contract for the masonry-work has been taken by a builder of Ostend at 227,000fr. The King and Queen of Belgium had proceeded to France, and left Paris on the 11th ult. for Rouen to meet the royal family of France.

TURKEY.—It is confidently reported that Tahir Pacha is about to be removed from the head of the fleet, and will be replaced by Halil Pacha, the Sultan's son-in-law, who has already once before filled the post of Capudan Pacha. The command of the artillery, it is said, will be given to Mustafa Pacha, late Governor of Tricola, and formerly Chief Secretary, whose Pashalik will be conferred on Tahir, by whom it will be considered as an honorable exile. A fire broke out in Smyrna some short time since which consumed buildings and other property to the estimated amount of 100,000M. The chief sufferers are Mr. John Lee, Mr. Maltais, Mr. Gout and Mr. Atkinson.

ANOTHER RIOT.—New England, the "land of steady habits," has finally adopted the mob law, so popular of late in our own state. A most wanton and disgraceful violation of the peace and destruction of property was perpetrated at Charlestown, Mass. on Monday night of last week. The papers are filled with statements respecting the circumstances connected with the affair, which we have neither room nor disposition to copy. The following brief account, which must suffice at present, we take from the New Yorker:

"For some weeks past, rumor has been industriously circulated that a young lady had been induced to enter the Catholic Convent near Charlestown, as a nun, had escaped, been retaken, and induced to remain for a week or two under a pledge that she should then be honorably dismissed, but at the expiration of the period she was no where to be found, and the inference was deemed irresistible that she must have either been immured in a dungeon or inhumanly murdered; and the story was very naturally laid the foundation of a prodigious excitement. There was just enough truth in it to hold together. A young lady had eloped from the nunnery, but returned of her own free will and declared that she escaped under the influence of mental alienation, and did not wish to abandon her seclusion. 'However on Monday, groups began to collect in the neighborhood of the convent, and early in the evening a disposition was evinced to proceed to riotous and lawless measures. At 11 o'clock several tar barrels were burned to collect the hopeful devotees of anarchy, and to attract the attention of their compatriots in Boston, who flocked to the scene of action in great numbers. The inmates of the convent and the buildings connected with it were then aroused and ordered to take care of themselves forthwith: and so furious was the mob that the attack was actually commenced before the females, (mostly children,) had fairly effected their escape, and it is even said that the Abbess was rudely treated to compel her to accelerate her retreat. The building was then set on fire in the second story, and, together with the Chapel, the Bishop's Lodge, and other buildings entirely consumed. 'The loss is estimated at \$50,000, as the whole of the costly and valuable furniture was destroyed; and the insurance, which was but 12,000, will not apply to losses of this kind. The ruffians broke open the cemetery, and inspected the contents of one coffin, but did not seem inclined to continue their investigations in that quarter. The fire engines were on the ground in ample season, but declined to interfere for the preservation of the nunnery. The mob dispersed at day-light on the following morning.

"A meeting was called on Tuesday afternoon at Faneuil Hall Boston, at which about 5,000 attended, and resolved at all hazards to protect the Catholics in the full enjoyment of their rights, expressed their utter abhorrence at the outrage, appointed a strong committee of which Harrison Gray Otis is chairman, to ferret out the ringleaders in this dastardly affair, and bring them to condign punishment. A similar meeting was held in Charlestown, and a reward of \$1,000 offered for the detection of the miscreants. This is rendered difficult by the fact that they appeared in disguise and with painted faces."

ANOTHER.—Philadelphia has been the scene of a riot more shocking if possible, in its results, than either those at New-York or Charlestown. It originated in an attack made by a number of colored persons on a small party of young men, who, more fond of their own gratification than the public peace, had intruded themselves upon the amusements of the blacks. On Tuesday evening, the friends of the young men assembled, and commenced an attack upon the dwellings of the supposed offenders; destroying their houses; throwing their furniture and bedding into the streets, to which they set fire; and in many instances beating & insulting the old and confiding blacks. These disturbances were continued on Wednesday evening. Many brick dwellings, occupied by colored persons of respectability, received the same fate of the more humble tenements of their devoted fel-

low beings; the African church was completely demolished. Many individuals lost their lives in consequence of the treatment received at the hands of the mob. The police was finally enabled to put a stop to these disgraceful proceedings, and seventeen of the rioters, of the most degraded character, have been taken into custody. The number of houses destroyed must be very large. We trust the most rigorous treatment will be pursued towards these fiends in human shape. They should be learnt a lesson, that the rights, even of an African, are not to be trampled upon with impunity.

DEATH BY LIGHTNING.—We learn from a late number of the Carlisle, Pa. Herald, that a melancholy occurrence took place in the village of Mechanicsburg, 8 or 10 miles from that borough, during the storm of Saturday evening last. It appears that the dwelling house of Mr. Christian Poorman, situated in the village, was struck with lightning about dusk; the fluid first struck the gable end of the house, and thence descending, a portion of it penetrated the common sitting room, where the family were then assembled. The shock was unusually severe, and instantaneously deprived two of the inmates of existence! a brother and sister, the former aged 17, and the latter 22. They were sitting near each other in the presence of their parents and other members of the family, and the fatal shaft deprived them of life, without changing their position. Death left them as it found them, sitting side by side in the family circle. Another of the brothers was prostrated by the shock, but he speedily recovered. The rest of the family escaped injury. [Baltimore Patriot.]

STEAM-BOAT BURNED AT SEA.—The Norfolk Beacon of the 14th inst. states, that "the steamer Walter Raleigh, Gardner, master, bound to Elizabeth City, (N. C.) to Charleston, (S. C.) was entirely consumed on Tuesday night, the 5th instant, off Georgetown, (S. C.) She was discovered to be on fire about 8 o'clock, P. M. when about 15 miles from land, and so rapid were the flames that the efforts of the crew to save her were utterly fruitless. All hands (10 in number, including Mr. James T. Soutter, of the firm of Robert Soutter & Son, of this Borough, one of the owners,) took to the small boat, saving none of their baggage, and, after great exertion and imminent danger, reached the shore through the surf and breakers. She was owned by Messrs. Robert Soutter & Son, who had her fitted up for the run between Charleston and Columbia, and was insured by the Virginia Insurance Company at Richmond, Virginia." We learn by the Charleston Patriot that the crew were picked up by the schooner Rice Plant, Capt. Corson, and arrived at Charleston on the 6th instant.

COL. ISRAEL MUNRO.—This gentleman, says the N. Y. Commercial was attacked on Tuesday evening, at his lodgings, with the Cholera, and yesterday, between eleven and twelve o'clock, was removed to Duane-street hospital, where he expired a few minutes after he was brought into the house. He was formerly from Boston, and possessed of large property, but removed to Kentucky after the late war, where, by unfortunate investments, he lost it, and returning as far east as this city, resumed his profession of the law in which he was engaged until the time of his death. He was a gentleman of good education, respectable talents, and won universal respect. He had been ill for some days previous to his death. His age was 57.

SUMMARY.

M. Sautre, the inventor of a musical language and telegraph, at a recent exhibition in Paris, has proved that twelve telegraphic signals, expressed by twelve sounds of the elation, would suffice to communicate all the combination of human thought.

It is rumored the Princess Victoria is to be married to Prince William, son of the Prince of Orange. So that the British throne, the prize the father sought and lost by his successful and destined evil genius, Leopold, may yet be obtained by his son.

Since the commerce of the Rhine has been thrown open, Switzerland is inundated with English goods, and another little excuse is offered to ambitious Prussia to assemble an army on the banks of that river, to enforce her tariff, and gratify her master, the Autocrat.

The King of Ava and his queen, together with his people, by last accounts, were engaged in a forty-nine day's celebration on the occasion of the young daughter of the royal pair having her ears bored.

The heat of the sun was so excessive in London during the last week of June, that the faces of those who had business to transact out of doors, bore the appearance of a "roast leg of pork."

Another instance of the great danger attending the use of the spirit lamp, occurred on Friday night in Middlesbrough, near Henry-street, Brooklyn. A young woman by the name of Reed, had her clothes set on fire by the burning vapor of one of these conveniences, which had accidentally burst, and ran into the street literally covered with flames, which rose two feet above her head. Fortunately they were so promptly extinguished, that, though dreadfully burnt, hopes are entertained of her recovery. [N. Y. Cour. & Eng.]

A valuable silver chalice which was placed in its tabernacle, and deposited for safe keeping in the convent at Charlestown, was stolen by the mob and carried off.

It is related of a clergyman in the north of England, who lived to a very great age, that during his life time he married and buried his father and mother; he also christened his wife, and when they married, published the banns himself.

The change in the English Ministry has caused considerable agitation in Paris which is not astonishing, considering the close connection which has existed between the late British Cabinet and that of Louis Philippe. The Paris papers are still full of speculations in relation to the course of England and France towards Russia.

An unusual number of elections occurred in the United Kingdom in June, and, contrary to expectation, all have been in England, Ireland and Scotland, with one or two exceptions, in favor of Reform candidates.

At Dublin, (Ireland,) a medal, valued at fifty guineas, was recently presented by a committee to Mr. J. Hilliard, for manufacturing a penknife which contained 573 blades.

The King and Queen of Great Britain intend visiting Scotland this season; the palace of Holyrood is already undergoing repairs for their reception.

In several towns in England the incendiaries had burnt many valuable houses; the despicable and cowardly practice of throwing oil of vitriol on women's dresses, still prevails.

The inhabitants of Newfoundland have suffered to be exposed at auction, the furniture and trapping of their speaker, (Henry J. Bolton, Esq.), which was seized for rent. The articles were sold on Friday, the 4th of July, and brought 211. 10s. The sum for which they were taken in execution, was 150s.

The Boston Advocate has a paragraph exhibiting a frightful picture of death caused by intemperance, a few days since. Two lads who had been hunting, called for water at a house in that town occupied by a miserable drunkard, and there found the wretched man dead upon the floor, with his throat cut from ear to ear, and his wife quietly sleeping on a bed in the same room. She was afterwards found to have received a severe wound on the head, and a two quary partly filled with "New England particular," was discovered secreted in an old chest, procured, says the Advocate, from a "drunkery" kept in a neighboring town.

The Boston Courier says, "The British steamboat Cape Breton, which arrived here a few days since from Halifax, cleared yesterday for New-York. She has made some pleasant and expeditious trips about our harbor, and we understand her object has been to show that Sidney could deserved preference as fuel for steam boats, both for its cheapness and power."

We are informed that Mr. David Hogg, brother of the Ettrick Shepherd, has arrived with his family, and proceeded to Silver Lake, Pennsylvania, where he intends to establish his future residence.

It ought to be known generally, that persons struck with lightning, and apparently dead, are sometimes recovered by the copious application of cold water externally, particularly upon the face.

The Baltimore Patriot says: "It is understood that Gen. Chambers accepts the Judgeship, consequently his seat in the U. S. Senate will be vacated, and as Congress will be in session before the meeting of the next Legislature of the State, it is presumed the vacancy will be temporarily filled at the next meeting of the Governor and Council in October next."

LITERARY INQUIRER, And Repertory of Literature, Science & General Intelligence.

EDITED BY W. VERRINDER.

BUFFALO, WEDNESDAY, AUG. 27, 1834.

☞ The last two or three numbers have been unavoidably mailed after the day of publication. The present and all succeeding numbers we hope to mail on the morning of the publication day.

* * On the first instant the proprietor of this journal commenced a little paper entitled the "Buffalo Daily Inquirer," the publication of which however, in consequence of the severe indisposition of himself and three of the compositors, he was compelled to suspend after issuing eight numbers. And now that he is again restored to health, instead of resuming the little Daily (as was his original purpose), he is induced, by the advice of many respectable citizens in Buffalo and the surrounding country, to announce as its substitute a tri-weekly paper, of which the following brief prospectus will sufficiently explain the nature and design.

PROSPECTUS OF THE BUFFALO TRI-WEEKLY INQUIRER.

On the second day of October next, the subscriber proposes to issue from the office of the Literary Inquirer, the first number of a tri-weekly paper, under the above title, to be published every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday.

The "BUFFALO TRI-WEEKLY INQUIRER," in addition to a choice selection of literary, scientific and humorous articles, from the latest and most approved native and foreign periodicals, taken from the New-York and other Daily Papers, &c. &c.

Each number will consist of four large quarto pages (of the same size as the New-York Mirror and the Buffalo Literary Inquirer,) and will be furnished in single numbers at Three Cents apiece; or to City Subscribers who have it left at their doors, & Country Subscribers who have it sent by mail, at Three Dollars per annum, payable in advance; Three Dollars and Fifty Cents, in six months; or Four Dollars, at the end of the year. Six months: One dollar and Fifty Cents, payable in advance, or Two Dollars at the end of the term. Three months: One Dollar, payable invariably in advance.

The yearly numbers will form one handsome volume (to which a title page will be furnished gratis) of four equal quarterly parts, each of which will have a copious general index.

Approved Advertisements will be inserted at the usual rates; and those who advertise by the quarter, six months, or year, will be entitled to a paper without any additional charge.

Postmasters and others, procuring six responsible annual subscribers, shall receive for their trouble a copy of the paper for one year; and in the same proportion for all other subscribers they may obtain.

As two copies will be printed on one large sheet, two subscribers in the country may join and have it sent to one address, by which means the postage will be reduced one half. All letters must come free of postage, and be addressed to

W. VERRINDER, Proprietor,
Aug. 26, 1834. 177 Main Street, Buffalo.

* * Editors of Newspapers, in Western New-York and at the different Ports on the Lake, by giving the above a few insertions, will entitle themselves to a free exchange for one year.

ADVERTISING SHEET.—For the accommodation of Merchants, Publishers, and the community in general, the proprietor of the Literary Inquirer will hereafter regularly issue a QUARTERLY EXTRA, exclusively for Advertisements and other notices which are inadmissible in the paper itself. This Advertising Sheet will be furnished (gratis) to UPWARDS OF A THOUSAND SUBSCRIBERS, and will likewise be posted in the principal Hotels, Reading Rooms, Post-Offices, Steamboats, &c. in Western New York and other parts of the United States, and in the Province of Upper Canada (where we have between two and three hundred subscribers). Those who advertise by the quarter, six months, or year, in the Buffalo Tri-Weekly Inquirer will have their advertisements inserted (gratis) in every number of the Literary Inquirer Extra. All others will be charged at the rate of one Dollar per square of ten lines for each insertion.

* * Publishers of new Books and Literary or Scientific Periodicals, by sending copies of the same to the Editor, shall have their advertisements conspicuously inserted in the Literary Inquirer Extra, and their works occasionally noticed in the Buffalo Tri-Weekly and Literary Inquirer.

☞ The first number of the Advertising Sheet will be issued in October next. All advertisements intended for that number must be forwarded to the publisher by the 10th of the month.

CHOLERA.—The Buffalo Board of Health reported 67 deaths up to August 19. On the 20th, 4; on the 21st, 11; on the 22d, 8; on the 23d, 6; on the 24th, 10; on the 25th, 4. Total number, 110.

At New-York on the 21st inst. the Board of Health reported 31 cases and 20 deaths.

Canada.—The total number of deaths, in the city of Toronto, is estimated at upwards of 400.

Total number of deaths in Kingston reported to the 16th instant, 105—cases, 193.

The total number of deaths in Montreal during 33 days, ending the 15th instant, was 1084.

About five hundred dollars of the old bills stolen from the Bank of Norfolk, were received on Saturday, by Messrs. Gilbert & Sons, brokers, from a broker in New York, and presented for payment, which the cashier refused, and the bills are now under protest.

The city of Utica contains 10,119 inhabitants. Gain in 4 years, 1786. Schenectady contains 5,773 inhabitants. Increase in 4 years, 1508.

The Secretary of War, has, among other items of retrenchment, stricken off one cent a mile, from the travelling allowance of the officers of the army.

It is said that the Hon. Lewis Cass will resign his seat in the Cabinet, and retire to Cincinnati, where he intends taking up his residence.

Notes of the Bank of Utica, purporting to be of the denomination of "Three Dollars," are in circulation, altered from the genuine ones. They are counterfeited, "Wm. B. Wells, Cash. B. B." and the alteration is remarkably well done, but can be detected in a close examination of the word "Three."

The Indiana State Loan of \$500,000 has been taken by Messrs. Prime, Ward & Co.; J. & S. Josephs, of New-York, and R. & J. Phillips, of Philadelphia, at one dollar and five cents the hundred dollars.

The Montreal Herald says a riot occurred on Thursday among the emigrants on board the Patriot, which might have increased considerably, had it not been for the exertions of Capt. Rayan and the crew, one of which, in particular, adopted the remedy so often used in the steam packets between Glasgow and London-derry, viz. pumping the water of the engine on the refractory passengers. In the present instance, we are happy to state it had the desired effect.

The celebration of the two hundredth Anniversary of the Incorporation of Ipswich, which took place on Saturday, went off well. The orations are highly spoken of. The Salem Gazette informs us that the chairs occupied at the table by the President of the Day, (Nathaniel J. Lord, esq.), and several of the Clergy, were the identical ones brought from England, by the Puritans, two hundred years ago, and some excellent pears from a scion brought out at the same time, constituted a part of the desert. [N. Y. Com.]

Gen. Joe Smith, the Mormon Chief, with his followers, have returned to their old headquarters, Geauga co., Ohio. After having dragged his men nearly 900 miles, he now declares, it is said, the only cause of his marching his army to the Missouri, was for the purpose of carrying supplies and money to his brethren in that state.

The spirited movements of the civil authorities, backed by the volunteers of the military, have checked the spirit of riot which disgraced Philadelphia last week. We believe that nothing, in the way of disorder, marked the movements on Friday and Saturday. The spirited conduct of citizens, in volunteering to aid the authorities, insures peace and quietness. [Phil Gaz.]

On Monday morning of last week, a man by the name of Wm. Reynolds, of Dover, Mass., came to his death by blow from his father, upwards of 70 years of age, with a fire shovel, the edge of which penetrated the unfortunate man's skull, into and through a portion of the brain. The outrage was committed in a fit of intemperance.

Last Monday, as two girls, seven years of age, were passing hand in hand over a bridge at Concord, they stepped on a plank, one end of which had become removed from the sleeper on which it should rest, and were instantly precipitated into the river and drowned.

On Saturday the 9th instant, the tender to one of the locomotives, on the rail road fifty-two miles from Charleston, S. C., broke an axle-tree, which coming in contact with the road, tore up 150 feet of it. The passenger cars were thrown off, and one gentleman had his shoulder dislocated. No other personal injury was sustained by the accident.

The Board of Health of Washington, D. C., have officially announced three cases of cholera in that city, which have terminated fatally.

Mr. Chambers, U. S. senator from Maryland, has resigned his seat and accepted the appointment of Chief Justice of the second Judicial district of that state.

The steamboat John Walker struck a snag on the 6th inst., in the Ohio, 17 miles below Fayetteville. Boat and cargo saved by running ashore.

Sixty thousand pounds has been recommended by a committee in the British House of Commons for distribution among officers, sailors and soldiers, engaged in the battle of Navarino.

Great distress prevailed in Thules and Tipperary, and of a population of 7,000, in the former place, it is ascertained that no fewer than 2,400 are in absolute want of the necessities of life.

The bridge at Frankfort, over the Kentucky river has fallen down. Supposed to be the effect of the hot weather.

Mr. Meent, editor of the Steubenville (Ohio) Union, was killed last week, near that town, by being thrown from his gig.

One of the Universal Yankee nation has lately invented a new species of fuel, made up of tar and water. He says that five dollars worth will carry a steamboat from Providence to New York. This would depend somewhat, we suppose, on the size of the boat. [Cin. Chron.]

The Hon. Geo. McDuffie, of South Carolina, has announced his intention to decline another election for congress; and adds, that unless his health should improve, he will be under the necessity of resigning his seat for the present unexpired term.

The extensive oil cloth manufactory of Morrison & Son—a two story brick building—at the corner of 13th and Hudson streets, New York was destroyed by fire on Tuesday afternoon.

The barn and stable of Mr. Richard B. Spaulding, about a mile and a half from Baltimore, were destroyed by fire, together with a quantity of produce, on Friday morning.

The Troy Budget states that there are now more buildings going up in that city, than there has been at any one time in four years.

The Hon. Edward Everett representative in congress from Massachusetts, has resigned his seat.

Damage by Lightning.—On Sunday evening last, a barn belonging to Mr. R. S. Reed of this borough, on a farm of his in Millbrook township, known as the "Kreider farm," was struck by lightning, and with its contents, entirely consumed. It contained a large quantity of hay and grain, and a variety of farming utensils. During the storm the lightning struck one of the masts of the new steamboat Thomas Jefferson, lying at Mr. Reed's wharf, but the damage was very immaterial, the fluid having followed the mast but a short distance, when it passed off, as is supposed into the water. [Eric Obs.]

DEATHS.

In this city, on the 15th inst. Mrs. Hannah Phillips, wife of Loren Phillips, esq. aged 60.

On the 23d inst. of bilious fever, at the residence of Rev. E. Tucker, William P. Gould, clerk to Messrs. Weed & Pratt, in the 37th year of his age. He was a young gentleman of great moral worth, and has left an unblemished reputation behind him, as a source of very great gratification to many families and other friends, who mourn his early loss. [Com.]

On the 24th, Hannah, wife of Mr. Wm. Folsom, aged about 44.

In this city, on the 23d inst. Mrs. Debero Johnson, aged 67, wife of Capt. Ebenezer Johnson, and mother of present Mayor of this city.

On the 22d, Mr. Abel Howard, aged 53 years.

At his residence in North East, on the 21st inst. of cholera, Capt. Freeman Judd, of the schooner Navigator.

On the 17th, Mr. John Howland, formerly of Bristol, R. I. aged 35.

Drowned in Canandaigua lake, Lazarus Botsford, of Gorham, aged 24.

At Ashtabula, (Ohio,) Rev. Samuel W. Seiden, of the Episcopal Church, aged 54.

In Erie, Pa. James Maurice, aged 36, superintendent of the public works, at Black River, Ohio.

In this city, on the 13th inst. after a short illness, George K. only son of Mr. A. L. Steele, aged 2 years and six months.

On the 20th, Mr. Archibald Miller, aged about 35 years. Same day, Mr. Nathaniel Watlie, aged 38.

On the 21st, Mr. Benjamin Hamot, aged about 30, second mate of the Brig Indiana.

On the 19th, Joseph Caskey, aged about 35, Master of the schooner Atalanta.

At the Seneca Reservation, on the 29th inst. Destroy Town, aged 35, a Chief of the Six Nations, of the Christian Party.

On Thursday, of the cholera, after a few hours illness, Matthew Walton, esq. City Chamberlain, an old and respectable inhabitant of Toronto, (U. C.) a native of Abington, in Cumberland.

On the 19th, at Toronto, John Mc Cormick, carter, an industrious, punctual and truly honest man, exemplary Christian, and died in the "comforts of the Holy Ghost," and the "riches of the full assurance of hope."

NOTICE.

LINE will be furnished to all persons who are unable to procure it for the purpose of cleaning their premises, by application to the Mayor, at his room, at the Eagle Tavern.

Buffalo, August 25, 1834.

E. JOHNSON, Mayor.

HAMILTON COLLEGE.—The commencement exercises at Hamilton College were observed on the 13th inst. We learn from the Oneida Democrat that the addresses by the young gentlemen of the graduating class were able, and showed that the noble science of elocution is not neglected in that institution. Dr. Dwight presided with much dignity and propriety. The fine new stone church was filled to overflowing with spectators. The degree of A. B. was conferred on 20 young gentlemen. The degree of A. M. on several individuals. And the degree of Doctor of Laws, on Daniel Cady, Esq., of Montgomery. Measures have, it is said, been taken to organize the Maynard Professorship of Law, which will be a valuable accession to the already excellent faculty of this institution. The prospects of the college were never more encouraging than at the present time.

AMERICAN LYCEUM.—We are happy to learn that the Executive Committee of the American Lyceum have extended the plan and operations of that society, in obedience to the instructions given them at the late fourth annual meeting in the city of New York. Measures have been taken to form departments for the Natural and Moral Sciences, Literature, and the Fine and Useful Arts, in addition to that for Education; and a number of gentlemen, distinguished for their devotion to many different branches, have been requested to furnish memoirs or essays on their favorite subjects of investigation, to be read at the fifth annual meeting, in May next, and to be published. It is stated that several gratifying answers have already been received; and communications on some interesting topics have been promised. We entirely agree with the editor of the N. Y. Daily Advertiser, that such a plan, if successful, cannot fail to be useful. The results of the labors of many capable minds will be annually secured for the benefit of the public; while the correspondence and the personal intercourse of our literary and scientific countrymen, at the anniversary series, will tend to promote new and wider exertions in the different branches of useful knowledge.

ANNUAL CONVENTION OF TEACHERS.—The annual meeting of the "Western Literary Institute and College of Professional Teachers," will commence in the city of Cincinnati on Monday the 6th of October next. A number of lectures upon practical subjects, by some distinguished teachers and literary gentlemen of the south and west, will be delivered, and reports upon subjects connected with the business of teaching, are expected from committees appointed at the last annual meeting. The friends of education generally, and particularly professional teachers, are invited to attend.

SHORT PARAGRAPHS.

We learn from the Medina Herald, that the following gentlemen were, on the 12th inst. elected Directors of the Medina and Darion Rail Road Company: David E. Evans, Batavia; Joseph Shaw, Darien; Wm. R. Gwinn, Simeon Bathgate, Putnam; J. A. Nixon and L. A. G. B. Grant, Medina. Subsequently the Hon. David E. Evans, was chosen President, and Wm. R. Gwinn, esq. Vice President. A survey of the route, it is said, will be made immediately, and the work commenced as soon as practicable.

The Kingston (U. C.) papers state that M. S. Bidwell, esq. and family left that place on Wednesday for Toronto, which will be their future residence. The distinguished legal talents of Mr. Bidwell will, it is said, place him in the leading rank of the metropolitan Bar.

Samuel Yorke At Lee, esq. has retired from the editorship of the Cincinnati Chronicle. The name of his successor is not mentioned. We learn from the Mirror that Mr. At Lee leaves Cincinnati, where he has spent several years, and endeared himself to numerous friends, by his strict integrity, social qualities and gentlemanly demeanor.

We have received several numbers of a new weekly paper, recently commenced at Brantford, (U. C.) and entitled the Brantford Sentinel. It is a neatly executed and well conducted print, and we hope will be adequately supported. We are very much pleased with the editor's interesting descriptions of the towns and villages in the province of Upper Canada, and with the bold, fearless and independent course which he takes in relation to the important subject of Temperance. David M. Keeler esq. the editor and proprietor, has also opened in the flourishing city of Brantford an "Athenian and Commercial News Room," which already contains many of the latest and most respectable periodicals of the day, in the Canada, and a number of valuable publications from the United States. A small Library of Books is also attached to the Reading Room. The terms are moderate, and we hope Mr. Keeler will be sustained in an undertaking, which reflects credit on himself and says much for the intelligence and enterprise of his fellow citizens.

The editor of the Bulletin states that there are 3100 Post Masters in the United States, whose annual compensation is less than ten dollars each. Nine of these receive but ten cents each—25 others receive a smaller sum. At Novi, Mich. the postmaster receives two cents per annum. This surely does not look much like holding office for the sake of the "leaves and fishes."

Is it quite consistent for a certain editor, not a hundred miles from Buffalo, who recently signed his name to the constitution of an Anti-Slavery Society and has never required it to be struck off the list of members, now that the New York riots have enlightened him on the subject of slavery, to talk about "the mad designs of the immediate abolitionists?"

We learn from the scraps dispersed throughout the papers of the provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, that the harvest promises to be, with little exception, very abundant.

POETRY.

THE POET'S NIGHT SOLITUDE.

'Would that I were the spirit of you star,
That seems a diamond on the throne of heaven!
Would that my holiest thoughts could ever dwell
Mid the unsearchable vastness of the sky!
For 'tis deep midnight and blood stillness sleeps
On dewy grove and waveless stream, and air,
Ploiting about like heavenly visitants,
Breathes o'er the slumbering flowers, and leafy woods,
Such holy music as the tired heart loves;
Low, murmuring, melancholy strains—so soft
The ear scarce catches sound, though deeply feels
The hushed communing heart the influence
Of their lone oracles! Departed hours
Of mingled base and bliss, of hope and fear,
Of faithless friendship, unrequited love,
Unshared misfortune, undeserved reproach,
And humbled pride and dark despondency,
Hours of high thought and silent intercourse
With the old seers and sages, when the soul
Walked solemnly beside departed bards
And lionhearted martyrs; and o'erveiled
Forest and hill, and vale, and rivulet,
With the deep glorious majesty of a god!
Shadowing, with a most delirious phantasy,
The cold and harsh realities of things,
With the divine undying dawn of heaven,
Whose beauty blossoms and whose glory burns!

At such a time of thoughtful loneliness
Ye come like seraph shades, and bear me back,
On darkened wings, to earlier passages
Scarce less unlit than present years of grief
I grope through now! But woe, once borne, become
Strange pleasures to our memory the past
Hath its romance—its mellow lights and shades,
Soothing deep sadness like the brightest hope
That bursts upon the future. While we gaze
Down the dark vista, where in bitter pain
And weariness and solitude of soul,
We long have roamed forsaken—all the scene
Assumes a calm repose, a verdure sweet
As midnight music, and our hearts o'erflow
With tearful tenderness. O, there is bliss
Even in the darkest memory—a depth
Of passion that now slumbers, and of thought,
Though voiceless, eloquent and full of power,
Which leaves all common hope, in life's routine,
Dim and delusive as the firefly's light.

Fall, orb'd in beauty sails the midnight moon,
Flung on fleecy clouds soft gleams of light,
That silver every fair and flowing fold
Mid the blue ether—while her beams below
On slumbering vale and cliff, and haunted wood,
And broad deep stream, and awful wilderness,
Fall at the outskirts of vast shadowings,
Like Heaven's great light on wings of angels thrown,
And now the breeze, in music's fitful gush,
Harps mid the oases and wide harvest lakes
Of grass and grain—and then the voices rise
Of fays and fairies in the firwood near.

Now sleepless bard, who never is alone,
May mingle with the harmony of Heaven,
Triumphant o'er the evil of the world;
His heart may banquet on each gentle scene
Of loveliness, and shrink not back aghast
From the low mock and scoff malign of man,
To voices soft as sighs of sleeping flowers,
And tender as a fair young mother's kiss,
His spirit listens in its joy. On him
The beauty of the old astrology,
The silent hymn of Heaven in starlight falls;
And alchemy bestows its choicest lore,
And poetry, with all its holiness,
Slings gently o'er him like the early dew
On the fair foliage of the Hesperides.

The cricket sings, the aspen twinkles quick
Beneath the moonbeam, and the waters purr
O'er shining pebbles and by wildwood banks,
As if life in every drop prevailed,
The deep enchanted forests seem to bend,
And make no sound through their vast solitudes,
As if they deeply listened to the Voice
Whose whisper fills the universe. O'er all,
Waters and woods, mountains and valleys deep,
A spirit reigns whose secret counsel leads
The guided mind and wasted heart, and guides
Ill-fortuned dwellers of the earth to peace;
And he is wise who, in his budding youth,
Casting aside the paltry pride of praise,
In the night season leaves hot strife and care,
And vain ambition, to go forth and drink
The music and the blessedness of earth,
While man forgets the God he scorns by day.
Reclining on the moonlight rocks, he sees
The proud Orion, the soft Pleiades,
And every glorious constellation move
With light and hymn of worship, and his soul
O'erleaps the fables and falsehoods of the world,
The trembling and the triumph of an hour,
And mingles with the universal Deity.
The warring passions of the human heart
Sink, then, to rest; bright angel forms repose
By piny woods and shady waterfalls,
And seraph voices sing of heaven and love
In every leaf-stir'd by the vesper airs.
And this communion of upsoaring thought,
This conscious inspiration (holier far
Than Delphic oracles of hermit's dream),
Becomes our earthly paradise, when gleams
Of worlds inscrutable flash through the gloom
Of this our sinning nature, body-bowed,
And the accepted words of ancient men,
Gifted beyond their age and station here,
Become assured revelations of that life
All hope regain, but few dare think upon.
As wisdom thinks, who dwells not with the vain,
The greedy, and the proud, but hath her throne
In the pure heart, whose everliving hope
Glow like a lone star in the depth of Heaven.

[No. Am. Mag.]

MISCELLANY.

THE PLEASURES OF A COLLEGE 'SCRAPE.'

It was a cold December evening,—dark, cloudy and rainy. I had a book of nautical sketches in my hand, and a cigar in my mouth. My room mate, who would be classed by naturalists under the genus Facetious, was sitting upon the other side of the table, which was covered with books, in the centre of the room. His feet were elevated upon the mantel, and he was pouring forth wreaths of smoke from an immense 'long nine,' that adorned his mouth. The glowing embers of a good fire warmed and enlivened the room.

'Chum,' said I, 'let us have a scrape to-night.' 'Agreed,—but what shall we do?' 'A bonfire would look nobly, this dark night,' I replied, as I rose and looked out into the cold and dark, damp air. 'Very well,—light the dark lantern. And here, turn your coat inside out, so that no one will know you. And where is that piece of burnt cork? We had better black our faces a little.'

The burnt cork could not be found. However, we soon rigged ourselves in such a disguise that no one could have detected us by our dress, and sallied forth on our expedition of pleasure. About half a mile from college, there were some empty tar barrels, which we thought would most effectually dispel the gloom of the night. Just

as we got hold of one, a gust of wind rattled a pile of boards near us. We thought that the owner of the barrel was upon us, and, fully aware that discretion was the better part of valor, we retreated at the top of our speed. Chum, in his hurried flight, stumbled over a log, and, in a twinkling, was lying prostrate in the mud. In his fright, however, he felt that there was no time to be wasted, and, with bruised cheeks and bleeding nose, and drenched with mire, he again manifested that 'discretion' which is 'the better part of valor.' Finding that we were not pursued, we began to think we had fled at a false alarm. I proposed returning to the charge, but found that the ardor of my chum's zeal, as might naturally have been expected, had become wonderfully cooled. 'Fun!' exclaimed he, 'is this what you call fun? Just hold your lantern, and look at my face and clothes!' 'To be sure,' said I, as I looked at his woe begone appearance, 'I can conceive of a more agreeable situation for a man to be in. But I would not give up now, chum.' 'Well,' said he, 'we are in for a scrape, and let us have it out. But, I assure you, my wet feet and clothes, to say nothing of the bruises, do not feel very comfortable, this cold night.'

We soon were tugging at the tar barrel again. It was wet and heavy, and we found it no light task to carry it such a distance. After toiling and fretting for some time, chum stopped in despair. 'Why, Henry,' said he, 'I am prodigiously tired, and we have a quarter of a mile farther to carry this heavy thing through the mud.' 'To tell the truth, chum,' I responded, 'I wish I had put on some old clothes, I have got this tar all over my pantaloons.' 'Horrible,' said chum, 'I never thought of the tar on the outside. Here, hold the light. Let me look at my clothes.'

Oh, what a picture for Hogarth! His coat was turned inside out, and drenched with water and mud. His pantaloons were in a similar plight, the tar being in various places fairly worked in to the very texture of the cloth. His face was muddy and scratched, and there was upon it a most ludicrous expression of perplexity and vexation. However, pride and will were enlisted, and, after a little delay, we soon were again trudging along with our burden. Chum had hold of one side of the barrel, and I the other, while the lantern was resting upon his head; and when, at length, we arrived in the college yard the chapel clock was just tolling eleven. 'Henry,' said chum, 'you go out to the yard there, and get some shavings, while I go up to the room, and get a tinder box. Our lantern is all broken to pieces.'

I went groping along in the dark, through mud and water, and wet grass, to get some fuel. After searching for some time, I succeeded in getting some shavings which I thought sufficiently dry to kindle. Hastening back to the barrel, I found Chum waiting with his tinder box. We arranged the fuel, struck a light, and applied the match. A clear beautiful flame rose gracefully into the darkened air. As we, however, for sufficient reasons, 'loved darkness rather than light,' we fled, with the utmost precipitation from the illuminated circle, and softly crept up to our rooms. Almost breathless we hastened to the window, to gaze upon our splendid bonfire, and lo! all was Egyptian darkness. Not the least glimmer of light cheered our eyes. It was intolerable to fail after having done so much; so out we sallied again, to see if we could not kindle our wet fuel to a flame. By dint of much perseverance, we obtained some dry materials, and soon secured a more sure fire, which began to burn in earnest, and to illuminate the objects around with its bright flashes. We had so arranged the fuel now, that we felt confident it would burn, though it would take some time for it to get fully on fire. It was necessary for us to go directly by the Tutor's door, as we went up into the third story of the building, to our own room. The windows of the tutor's room looked out upon the fire, and we feared detection if he should hear us going by, at that late hour of the night. As soon as we entered the entry, therefore, we took off our shoes, and crept softly along in our stocking feet. The clock struck twelve, as we were ascending the first flight of stairs. Just as we were opposite the tutor's door, creeping along almost breathless, the door opened, and out came the tutor with a candle in his hand. He held the candle in my face, and, in the most gentlemanly manner imaginable, called me by name; and then turning to chum, with the same gentlemanly and provokingly complacent voice, called him by name. As his eye glanced down our disguised and muddy clothes to our unshod feet, and rested a moment upon the shoes in our hands, I fancied I saw a smile struggling to curl his lip. However, he restrained it, and turned to go into his room. But suddenly he stopped, as though a new thought had struck him, and said, 'I perceive there is a little fire kindling out in the yard; won't you be so kind as to go down with me and help to extinguish it.'

There was no time to hold a council of war, and each followed the other. Never was a man so perfectly civil, as was the tutor, and never were two wretches so perfectly crest fallen, as my companion and I. We very submissively and silently followed him out into the yard; for how in the world could we refuse so respectful and reasonable a request? 'Will you be kind enough,' said he to me, 'just to roll that tar barrel out into that puddle of water. I would help you, but I see your gloves are already wet.' 'Indeed you do,' thought I, 'and how in the world do you suppose they became wet?' But it would not do for me to think aloud. 'Mr. G.' said he to my chum, 'won't you put those brands in the water, and crowd them under a little, so that they can not be set on fire again easily.'

Hiss—ss—ss—went the brands, and all was again as dark as night. We groped our way along to the college, but the blood rushed into my face, as, once or twice I heard a kind of stifled noise, as though the tutor were trying to restrain convulsions of laughter. Whether this was the case or not, he was perfectly composed by the time we came to the door of his room, where the light shone upon our faces. 'Good night, young gentlemen,' said he very pleasantly, 'I am much obliged to you for your assistance. Let me light you up stairs.'

As we walked up the stairs, he very politely held the candle, so that he could leisurely inspect the beauties of our appearance. 'Well,—well,—well!' said chum, as we closed the door of our room, 'if this is what you call a scrape, I don't desire another.' 'Why,' said I, 'he don't know that we built the fire.' 'Don't know it!' said chum. 'Did you ever hear one of the government call a student Mister before? Why he treated us as respectfully as though we were the most important personages in the country. Don't know it? Why, what in the world does he suppose you are dressed in that pea jacket for, and with that old ragged hat on? And what does he suppose this coat of mine means, turned inside out, and this tar, which he could not help seeing. I'd give twenty dollars, any minute, to be out of this scrape.'

I felt a little worse than my chum, and accordingly tried to conceal my feelings by forced jokes. 'What a beautiful fire we have got out there,' said I, looking out into the total darkness of the night. 'Come, come, Henry,' said he, 'I think we have had fun enough, such as it is, for one night, and I am going to bed.' 'I have ruined these clothes completely,' he continued, as he began to undress. 'I shall never be able to wear them again. And now our fire is all out, and we must go to bed with feet both wet and cold. If we are not sick, after this, it will be very strange.'

I saw that chum was indeed in a gloomy mood, and as I, in heart, felt no less so, we both in silence prepared for bed. Any person, who

knows what it is to go to bed chilled through with exposure to the rain, and with feet in the state of wet icicles, will know that we could not soon fall asleep. We had been in bed I should think a half an hour in perfect silence. I was thinking, with a good deal of anxiety, of the probable consequences of the evening's occurrence. 'Henry!' said chum, in a voice which showed that he was as far from sleep as I, 'Henry, if they suspend us what shall you do?' 'Foh,' chum, said I, 'don't talk so; it makes me feel ugly.' 'Well,' said he drily, 'if the talking makes you feel ugly, how will the reality make you feel. They will have us before the government, to-morrow; and what under the sun can we say. We shall have to spend a few months in the country, as sure as the world, and that will be fine tidings to be carried home.' My heart beat quick, as I felt the strong probability that chum's apprehensions would be realized. At last, however, I fell into a light doze, and, in troubled dreams, was arraigned before the government of the college. There was no escape from detection. I received a suspension bill, and, almost distracted with shame, went to a most dismal abode in the country. Again, I went home in disgrace. I met my father and mother, and oh, how deeply did I feel reproached by their silent grief. Thus the night passed away, till the morning bell called us to prayers. We both rose with stiffened limbs. Chum found, to his extreme mortification, that the scratches he received in his face by his fall, were far too deep for water to remove, and, as he had taken so violent a cold, that he could hardly speak, he felt it necessary for him, if possible, to avoid making his appearance. I, however, after having dressed myself in a new suit of clothes, went into the chapel to prayers, and from prayers to the recitation room. As the students flocked along, the remains of the miserable failure of a bonfire attracted their attention, and many were the cutting jokes that were thrown out against the unfortunate fellows who 'tried to and couldn't.' In the recitation room, I was called upon to recite, but made most wretched work of it. A kind of half smile struggled upon the tutor's lip, as he said in a voice low and almost inarticulate to every one but me. 'You may sit down, you are very excusable, as you were assisting me, last evening.' 'W-h-a-t,' whispered the student who sat next to me, 'w-h-a-t in the world did he say to you.' I endeavored as well as I could to shake off the question. But immediately after recitation, some dozen of the students came clustering around me to ascertain what I had been helping the tutor do. I could not conceal my confusion, but I did not dare let the truth be known, for I knew it would be a standing joke against me, that I should never hear the last of. We went to breakfast, but I had no appetite. The apprehension of being called into the president's study, and receiving a public reprimand, or a bill of suspension, made me most perfectly wretched. As I returned to my room, there was poor chum, looking very much like a culprit waiting his execution. We had not watched at the window long, before we saw the tutor, going straight as an arrow across the college yard, to the president's study. Our blood chilled within us, we awaited the summons which should call us into that dread presence. A half hour of most awful suspense passed away, and we saw the tutor returning. We thought that the awful moment was now at hand. But the tutor went quietly to his room, and during the forenoon no message came for us. We were however, continually expecting a summons, and were in such a state of apprehension that it was impossible to study. Towards the close of the forenoon we concluded, that there was not time to assemble the government in the morning, and that they had postponed the subject till the evening. The anxiety we were in, was so great, that an immediate settlement in any way would almost have been a relief. Evening came, and we sat down at our fireside with most unenviable feelings. Presently, there was a tap at the door. 'My blood curdled,' 'Come in,' said chum, with a faltering voice. It was a fellow student. The weary hours of the apparently interminable evening lagged along, and still no summons came from the government. 'Why, Henry,' said chum, 'it cannot be that the tutor has not informed against us?' 'No,' said I, 'we were so completely caught, that we shall, of course, be hauled up for it. But if they were going to suspend us I think they would have had a meeting to-day. You know they have a government meeting every Wednesday evening. I rather think as they have got us so safe, they have put off the subject till then.' These thoughts were a little relief to our minds, but they lengthened out the period of our suspense. Wednesday evening at length came, and with it freshened feelings of apprehension. But the evening passed away—and the next day—and the next, and no notice was taken of our evening adventure. Gradually our feelings became calm, and the remembrance of the scrape ceased to haunt our minds. The tutor was as generous a man as ever lived, and probably thought that our detection by himself was punishment enough. At any rate we felt it to be so, for one evening, as we were sitting musing by the fireside, chum suddenly spoke up—'Henry, if I ever felt grateful to a man in my life, I do to the tutor; and if I live to graduate, I will thank him for his forbearance.' Several months after the event we have now been relating, a student came into our room, late on a dark evening. 'Come,' says he, 'don't you want to go and have a scrape?' Chum sprang from his chair, as though he had been shot. 'Scrape! you rascal—you scoundrel—you villain,' shouted he in the vehemence of his indignation. 'Do you want to get me into a scrape? I have had one, and it was almost the death of me. Get out of my room.' The fellow fled in terror, and no one else ever asked chum or me to enjoy the pleasures of a college scrape. [Rel. Mag.]

A dull play-wright, about to read one of his productions in the green room at Drury Lane, observed that he knew nothing so terrible as to read a piece before such a critical audience. 'I know one thing more terrible,' said Mrs. Powell. 'What can that be?' asked the author. 'To be obliged to sit and hear it.'

DISCOVERY OF A MUSCLE IN THE EYES OF FISHES.—In the last number of Silliman's Journal, Dr. Wallace of this city announces the discovery of a muscle in the eyes of fishes, which explains the accommodation of their eyes to distances in a better way than by the degree of convexity of the cornea. He describes it as triangular, passing through a loop in the iris, and inserted into the vitreous humor, such a way that the lens may be moved backward and forward, and thus brought to the requisite focus. [N. Y. Cour.]

An honest man speaks truth, though it give offence; a vain man, in order that it may.

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